MY RECOLLECTIONS

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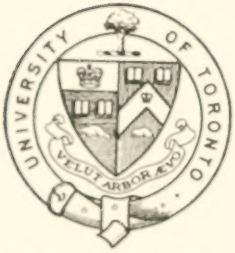
BY

THE COUNTESS OF CARDIGAN AND LANCASTRE



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MY RECOLLECTIONS

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Photo *Alice Hughes*

The Countess of Cardigan.

MY RECOLLECTIONS

BY THE COUNTESS OF
CARDIGAN AND
LANCASTRE

LONDON
EVELEIGH NASH
FAWSIDE HOUSE
1909

"My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
And roams romantic o'er her fairy fields;
Scenes of my youth developed crowd to view
To which I long have paid a last adieu!"

BYRON

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CHAPTER I

EARLY MEMORIES

My birth and parents : A children's party at St. James's Palace : Asleep in William IV.'s chair : My French governess, "no meat and no flannel" : The Ghosts of Mayfair : Our friends at 8 Upper Grosvenor Street : We act plays before the Duke of Wellington : Anecdotes of Lord Forester and Theodore Hook : I hear Tom Moore sing : The Opera : Lord Hertford at St. Dunstan's, some stories about him : Lord de Ros

I WAS born on December 24, 1824, at 6 Charles Street, Berkeley Square. My father was Spencer Horsey de Horsey, of the ancient family of de Horsey, who married Lady Louisa Maria Judith, youngest daughter of the 1st Earl of Stradbroke, and I was their eldest child.

My parents were then handsome young people, quite devoted to each other, but I have

sometimes heard that my mother's character supplied the strength of mind my good-natured father lacked.

We were a very united family, as the saying is. My little brothers, William and Algernon, were full of fun and, as I had no sister, I might have developed into something of a tom-boy had it not been that my mother generally took me about with her. Looking back on those days, the inevitable "I remember" begins as a matter of course and, although my earliest recollections must needs be of the lovely young mother who adored us all, and who was so adored by us, I think my most impressive youthful memory is concerning a children's party given for Princess Victoria at St. James's Palace, by King William IV. and Queen Adelaide.

We had received an invitation, and I can quite well recall curtseying to the kind old King. Both he and the Queen were very agreeable, and there was a pretty girl with them who was none other than the late Queen Victoria.

I suppose the party was delightful—it must

have been, but I remember getting very, very tired and longing for my cosey bed at home; indeed, so drowsy did I finally become that I looked round to find some place where I could rest undisturbed. At last I discovered what seemed an ideal substitute for my bed, in the shape of a large gilt chair, handsomely upholstered in red brocade. Without more ado I climbed into it, and was soon fast asleep.

Meanwhile mamma, chatting to her many friends, had not noticed the flight of time, and when she suddenly remembered *me*, she found to her great alarm that I had apparently vanished. I had crept away quite unnoticed during the dancing; what had become of me? "Adeline, Adeline," called mamma, but I was too sound asleep to hear! At last she discovered me in what proved to be King William's own chair, and I have heard her say that H.M. was greatly amused when he saw a little girl curled up in the big imposing chair which had hitherto only felt the weight of Royalty.

When I was quite small, we removed to

8 Upper Grosvenor Street, a house associated with the memory of my first governess, Mlle. Clémence Isaure Angélique, daughter of the Vicomte d'Albenas, a French nobleman who had emigrated to England during the Revolution, and who, like so many other members of the aristocracy, had encountered the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune so keenly that Mlle. Clémence was obliged to earn her living as a governess, instead of enjoying the life her birth and attractions merited. I remember her as a handsome girl of nineteen, charming, but a little *difficile*, for she had fads which were not understood or tolerated in those days when girls were more "sensible" than they are now.

Mlle. Clémence disliked meat, and would never eat it, a whim which was considered very "odd," and she also refused to wear any flannel garments. The result of this was that poor Mlle. Clémence went into a decline which caused her death, at least we were always told so, perhaps with the idea of pointing a moral to young people who hated flannel.

Mlle. Le Bon took her place, and until I

came out dear Le Bon never left me. My brothers had a tutor, and I learned Latin and Greek with them. Mamma was very determined that my education should be as perfect as my own natural abilities, aided by the best teachers, could make it, so I studied Italian and German with Mlle. Le Bon, Spanish with the well known Trăgo, and as a child I read the best authors in these languages. Music and dancing were not neglected, and I took lessons from Mlle. Duvernay, afterwards Mrs. Lyne Stephens. She was not at all pretty, but she had a lovely foot, and was the embodiment of grace and charm.

Dear days! so long ago and yet so vivid to me. How happy we children were at 8 Upper Grosvenor Street! I wonder if the present occupants ever see any of the ghosts of the celebrated and amusing people who were once frequent visitors there. If only houses could speak, what tales they could tell! but then no "House" has written *its* recollections.

The little part of London we call Mayfair always seems to me to be full of memories

of the time when Society was composed of brilliant men and witty women, beauties and dandies who held sway without puffing paragraphs in the newspapers. If some of those dwellers of Mayfair could revisit the pale glimpses of the moon—and Mayfair—I feel sure they would be thankful they had been consigned to their family vaults before Curzon Street was ruined by the hideous Anglo-American palace recently planted in its dignified Georgian midst, or Park Lane, the "Petticoat Lane" of the West End (for reasons I need not state) became a patchwork of all styles of houses.

But to return to 8 Upper Grosvenor Street. Here came Lord and Lady Chesterfield, the Ansons, Lord Castlereagh, known as "Young Rapid," and Lord Westmorland, who was called "Old Rapid." The story goes that when George III. was recommended to give "Old Rapid," who was rather stupid, the vacant Order of the Thistle, the King said, "Well I'm afraid he'd think he was meant to eat it."

Lord Westmorland was quite blind when I

remember him. His daughter, Lady Georgina Fane, always sat next to him at dinner and cut up his food to prevent any *contretemps* arising through poor "Old Rapid's" affliction.

The Duke of Wellington was constantly at our house, and we children were devoted to him. He delighted to see us act little French plays, and what an event those theatricals were! How we revelled in seeing the dining-room turned into a theatre! The folding-doors were opened, curtains and footlights were arranged, and we felt then that life held nothing better for us. One of my recollections is of my little brother wearing a dressing-gown in the character of an old man, grumbling that "Cette médecine m'a bien tourmentée," and I can almost hear now the laughter that greeted him.

The Duke was at that time very much attracted by Miss Jervis, the daughter of Admiral Lord St. Vincent; she sang very well, and it was an understood thing that she was always asked wherever the Duke went, and a place kept for her beside him at

table. Miss Jervis married Dyce Sombre, the son of an Indian Begum, who treated her in the most approved Oriental manner, for he tried to smother her; their separation was a *cause célèbre*, and she afterwards married Cecil, Lord Forester. A great joke *à propos* of Forester was his invariable reply of "Nothing," whenever he was asked what he had heard or done, and "nothing" could ever induce him to be more communicative.

I can conjure up a very charming recollection when I think of Lady Tavistock, who was a friend of my mother, and at her house I heard Tom Moore sing and play his Irish melodies. I can quite remember how good-natured he was, and how delightfully he sang!

One of my childhood's friends was Theodore Hook. We were always allowed to listen to him after dinner, when he would seat himself at the piano and recite to his own improvised accompaniment, all the fun, politics and scandal of the day. Had gramophones been then invented, what a record for posterity such an evening would have provided!

My mother was passionately fond of music, and as a child I often used to go to the Opera with her and her great friends Count and Countess Zichy. The Count was a brother of Prince Metternich and the Countess was a ward of Lord Hertford, whose box was on the pit tier, and from this box I saw all the celebrated dancers and singers of the time.

I suppose few people alive now can say, as I can, that they have spoken to the wicked "Lord Steyne," who, as every one knows, was the Marquis of Hertford. I think Thackeray did a great deal to malign Lord Hertford, and he did not quite deserve it. There is, of course, no doubt that he was a *roué*. The Society he lived in, his great wealth, his epicurean tendencies all combined to make him exceptional in his passions and unscrupulous in his mode of gratifying them. But after all he only wore his rue with a difference, and he always looked a great nobleman, never forgetting his manners, however much he neglected his morals—a refreshing contrast to the fast young man of to-day,

who is apt to forget manhood, morals and manners in his desire to have "a good time."

Lord Hertford was *persona grata* at Court; every one visited him, and his breakfast and luncheon parties at St. Dunstan's were considered delightful. There were, of course, all kinds of rumours about the orgies at St. Dunstan's after the Opera, when closed carriages took the prettiest members of the *corps de ballet* up to the Regent's Park house, so securely hidden in its lovely sylvan grounds. Scandal said that once there the ladies discarded the conventional attire of the ballet and waited on Lord Hertford and his friends at supper wearing less than what is now considered good form to appear in as Salome. On these occasions the trees glowed with hundreds of coloured lamps, the supper was a Lucullus-like feast, and soft music from a concealed orchestra made night romantic; the guests were among the best known members of the *haut monde*, and the lovely houris played their part.

But what a change when the fashionable

world came up to breakfast with his Lordship a few hours later! The lawns were dewy fresh, and ladies, lights, and music had apparently vanished into the morning mists, but unkind people used to say that the ballet slept off the fatigues of the night safely locked away in Blue Beard's rooms.

The velvety-skinned Alderney cows in the hayfields gave a touch of pleasing rusticity to the Arcadia in Regent's Park, and I used to love going to St. Dunstan's and drinking a glass of warm milk at these breakfast parties.

I saw Lord Hertford afterwards at Dorchester House sitting in a wheeled chair (he suffered horribly from gout) with a beautiful bloodhound on either side of him. He was a tall, fine-looking man, and a great figure in the society of his time. Peace to his memory!

St. Dunstan's remains outwardly unchanged to-day; the house is merely older, the trees are more luxuriant, the lawns are still softly verdant, but the "Marquis of Steyne" and the light-hearted dancers are as the snows of yesteryear!

Lord de Ros had a pretty place in Regent's Park, and I once went with my mother to a garden party he gave, where I recollect meeting the Duchess of Beaufort and my young friends her six daughters.

Unfortunately Lord de Ros was a great gambler; he was suspected of, and then found out, cheating at cards, with the result that he was cut by every one, and London society knew him no more. He died not long after the scandal, and some one suggested the following epitaph :

Here lies
Lord de Ros
Waiting for the
Last Trump!

CHAPTER II

IN THE 'THIRTIES

Children's parties in the 'thirties : A fight for a partner, the looker-on wins the prize : Mrs. Fitzherbert's house in Tilney Street : My friends : Rehearsals of the Eglinton Tournament : Lord Lonsdale at Carlton House Terrace : The lovely Sheridans : Children and their governesses : Then and now—a comparison

THE chief excitement of my early days was the number of children's parties to which I went. Everybody of consequence gave them, and very charming they were. History repeats itself apparently in this instance, as, after a period when juvenile entertainments were rather in abeyance, society has taken them up with the enthusiasm of the 'thirties and 'forties.

Prince de Talleyrand, the French Ambassador, gave great entertainments to his niece, afterwards the Duchesse de Dino, and I remember

going as Psyche, in lovely gauze draperies and glittering wings, to a fancy dress ball at his house when I was six years old. My brother Algernon went as a gorgeous Hussar in a blue and gold uniform, and I think his costume was the sensation of the evening. All the ladies were enchanted with the little man and voted him "a darling," greatly to mamma's pride and delight.

Count Batthyany had parties for his sons, and at one of these I felt a heroine, for I was the cause of a fight between Julian and Frank Fane. I was in great spirits that evening, and my costume of a Spanish lady became me wonderfully; in fact so charming did I appear that I was overwhelmed with entreaties from would-be partners.

The Fane boys were my old friends, but Julian and Frank's two minds just then had only room for the single thought—which should first dance with me? and neither seemed inclined to give way. I was a little coquette, and I enjoyed looking on at the quarrel, especially as I was the cause of it. For some

Lady Louisa De Horsey and her three children.

time Frank and Julian respected the *covenances*, and confined themselves to angry looks and mutterings of, "I tell you I'll dance with Miss de Horsey first!" "And I repeat she shall be my partner!" "She shall not!" "She shall!" etc. etc. Then the storm burst; the two brothers wasted no more words, but commenced to fight, regardless of their gay dresses and their host's drawing-room.

I began to get frightened, and wished I could slip away. Julian and Frank did not seem to notice me, and I was just going to run off when some one touched me on the shoulder, and turning round I saw Ernest Fane, the brother of the combatants. "Well, Adeline," said he, "isn't this a pretty to-do? I've been watching Frank and Julian quarrel, and as I particularly want to dance with you, suppose we let them fight it out and enjoy ourselves." I was only too willing, so Ernest and I were soon dancing, quite forgetting Frank and Julian, who stopped their dispute only to find their brother had carried me off.

My godmother, Lady Verulam, also gave

parties every fortnight, and so did Lady Kinnoull at Hay House. I had many young friends, and among them were the children of Colonel and Mrs. Damer, who lived opposite to us in Upper Grosvenor Street.

Mrs. Damer was born in 1798, and was the youngest child of Lord and Lady Hugh Seymour. Before Lady Seymour died she entrusted Mary to the care of the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert, and it was an understood thing that she was to be the child's guardian.

Unfortunately, as this arrangement was not mentioned in Lady Seymour's will, the executors refused to let Mrs. Fitzherbert keep Mary. The Prince Regent, who was very fond of the little girl, wished to settle £10,000 on her provided she remained with Mrs. Fitzherbert, but finally the Marquis of Hertford, as head of the family, offered to adopt Mary, and as the Chancery Judges readily agreed, the Marquis nominally took charge of her, but ultimately placed her again in Mrs. Fitzherbert's guardianship.

Mary Seymour married my father's friend,

Colonel the Right Honourable G. L. Dawson Damer, and their son became the fourth Earl of Portarlington.

The Damers removed from Grosvenor Street to Mrs. Fitzherbert's house in Tilney Street, Park Lane, an old-fashioned residence with a large bow-window, overlooking the Park, where George IV. used to sit and watch the passers-by.

Maria Damer was my great friend, and she afterwards married Lord Errington; Louis Napoleon was very much in love with her, and she could have married him had she not preferred love to ambition. We also knew General Cavendish's children, my dear friend "Yaddy' Seymour and his brother Charles who was killed at Inkerman. Then there was Louisa Hay, Lady Kinnoull's daughter, who married Sir Thomas Moncrieffe, and had twenty-four children (fourteen only survived), and among them were the lovely Georgina, afterwards Countess of Dudley, the ill-fated Lady Mordaunt, Lady Forbes, and the Duchess of Atholl.

I also knew the three daughters of Lady Jersey, and another friend of mine was Anne Balfour, daughter of Lady Eleanor Balfour. She married Lord Charles Fitzroy, and, had she lived, she would have been Duchess of Grafton. Lady Wilton's girls, who were afterwards Lady de Ros and Lady Catherine Coke, were among my friends, and I was very fond of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort's charming daughters, Blanche, Rose, Henrietta, Emily, and Edith.

General Cavendish was Groom-in-Waiting to the late Queen, and his influence at Court enabled his daughter and myself to sometimes visit Buckingham Palace when Queen Victoria gave a State Ball. We were very excited when we knew such an event was on the *tapis*, for it meant no less a privilege than being allowed to sit in the Royal dressing-room and look at the pretty young Queen being attired in her lovely ball-dress. We were too awestricken as a rule to even dare to whisper, but I think the Queen found more honest admiration in our childish eyes than in all the

honeyed flatteries of a Court. She was always very kind to us, and Miss Cavendish afterwards became one of her Maids of Honour.

I have mentioned that mamma generally took me about with her, and this was fortunate for me, as I saw a great many interesting people. Thus I can remember going to the rehearsals of the Eglinton Tournament which proved such a fiasco owing to the heavy rain. The rehearsals were held in a *salle d'armes* in Sloane Street, and I thought them very amusing, and I wished I was going to be one of the performers. Mamma was a great friend of the "Queen of Beauty," Lady Seymour, and her sisters, Mrs. Norton and Lady Dufferin. They possessed all the good looks and charm of the Sheridans, and I often went to Mrs. Norton's house, where handsome Sydney Herbert was generally in attendance.

Lady Conyngham was another celebrity I met, but I didn't admire her at all. She was a coarse fair woman who seemed very dull, not at all the sort of person one would think would have fascinated George IV. so completely as

she did; and, what was more to the point, obtained so much money from him.

I remember hearing it said that when the King transferred his affections from Lady Hertford to Lady Conyngham he exchanged St. James's for St. Giles'.

One afternoon I was taken to a concert where I met Count Bruneau with a very ugly daughter, the image of himself. The Countess was a great beauty, and was credited with a catholic taste in lovers, the favoured one being a Mr. Burnaby. He, however, preferred the study of the occult to the lady, a catastrophe which greatly annoyed and distressed her, and she would lament to an unsympathetic but highly amused audience that "On ne peut plus rien faire avec le petit Burnaby depuis qu'il est devenu sorcier!"

I also remember Lord Lowther, afterwards Lord Lonsdale. He was very anxious to marry an Italian singer who was his mistress and was *enceinte* by him. The lady refused to become his wife, but had she done so, her charming grandson would now have been Earl of Lons-

dale. One day I went with my father to see his Lordship at his residence in Carlton House Terrace. We were shown into a rather untidy room and Lord Lonsdale came forward to greet us wearing a dirty flannel dressing-gown and surrounded by fifteen little King Charles dogs. "Not much like an Earl," thought I with the sweeping criticism of a child, who is generally the most severe of critics.

I must indulge in a few words about the position of the governess when I was a child. The prevailing idea seems to be that the early Victorian novelists presented an accurate picture of the troubles that beset the paths of young ladies who were obliged to earn their own living. I have no patience with what I consider is entirely false, and the Brontés are largely responsible for the fancied woes of the governess. In many of their novels she is a colourless silly girl, who always fancies herself injured; the servants are rude to her; her employers are barely civil, and their friends ignore her. She is usually a clergyman's daughter, and as a reward for her persecuted life she sometimes

marries a curate, when her unmannerly pupils have grown beyond her control. This type of governess is always on the verge of tears and lamentations, and spends her time in writing long martyr-like letters to the dear ones at home in the creeper-clad parsonage. All I can say is, I never had a governess of this description and I don't think any of my friends had. The ladies who taught us were clever sensible women who were treated as ladies, but who were tactful enough not to become too familiar with their employers and their friends. The governesses in aristocratic families moved in quite a world of their own ; they visited among themselves ; they had their own "set," and they formed a sort of society in society. They took their pupils whenever they visited each other, and I can recall many delightful afternoons and evenings spent with cheerful smiling young women who seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves, and who did not long for a small smothered life in the shape of marriage with a parson. The mention of governesses naturally recalls memories of their pupils, and I think there is a marked

contrast in the manners of young people then and now; children in my young days were much sweeter, more natural and far better behaved. The horrible modern child with *blasé* ideas and cynical self-conceit did not exist years ago. We had our faults, but they were those of impulsive childhood, not the faults of the boy and girl of to-day which are, I am afraid, the result of the over-indulgence of a decadent and degenerate society.

CHAPTER III

COWES

Early recollections : Smart simplicity : Lady A.'s blue satin gown : An unkind comparison : Her Stock Exchange transactions : Her losses : Her "Little Impropriety" : Her mania about Lord Cardigan's will : "Bel and the Dragon" : Lady Clare : A children's party for Princess Victoria : On board the *Zarifa* : My Royal visitor

My family's association with the Isle of Wight began in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when one of my ancestors, Sir Edward Horsey (a great friend of Sir Walter Raleigh), was Captain of the Isle of Wight. Sir Edward died in 1582, and his monument may yet be seen in Newport Church.

The Cowes of my childhood was very different from the Cowes of to-day, and I do not think it has changed for the better.

When I first used to stay at the Isle of

Wight steam yachts were quite unknown, and the harbour then presented a much prettier spectacle when the sailing yachts were moored there every summer, and smoke-trails did not spoil the purity of the horizon.

We were always delighted when the time came for Cowes, as we anticipated having a very pleasant visit. Numbers of our particular friends took houses for August and September —a long period in comparison with the crowded Cowes week which now marks the close of the London season.

Papa, who was one of the oldest members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, was very fond of yachting, and as we children were all imbued with his love of the sea we often went sailing with him. People used to start out about eleven in the morning and did not return before the dinner-hour. There were many cheery parties given at different hospitable houses, and the whole place was full of light-hearted gaiety, over which the shadow of the American millionaire and knighted plutocrat had not yet fallen.

Simplicity in dress at Cowes was as much *de rigueur* then as it is good form now, and blue serge gowns and neat hats were worn by all the smart women. Talking of dress, I shall never forget Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury's first appearance at Cowes, when she and her husband came to stay with us.

Lady A. evidently wished to create a sensation, so she walked on the Parade wearing a pale blue satin dress, and a delicate India straw bonnet on her profusion of blonde ringlets. She was soon aware, however, that so far as her costume went, she was quite "out" of it, and she eventually hurried home to change her gorgeous gown for one of more serviceable serge.

The Ailesburys visited us at Cowes for several seasons, and then, as they liked the place, they took a house every summer. Although Lady A. was considered a beauty she was excessively thin, and her scragginess was the source of a joke some years later. She was devoted to Lord Wilton, but one day she went on board Lord Cardigan's yacht, which

was lying off Calshot, and stayed the nigh before returning to Cowes. Lord Wilton, who was furious about it, made quite an unnecessary scene with Cardigan, and some kind friend said that after all it was only a case of two dogs fighting over a bone!

Poor Lady A., she *was* scraggy, but to be called a "bone" must have greatly annoyed her, if the remark ever reached her ears, and I am sure it did!

Lady Ailesbury gambled on the Stock Exchange, but although she was a keen business woman she often lost heavily, and when she was in town she went to the City to see her broker every morning. She had an agent who did most of her Exchange transactions, and who also made bets for her at Newmarket. Henry Forester (the only racing member of the Forester family) used to call this agent "Lady A.'s Little Impropriety."

One evening at Cowes, a messenger came over from Southampton to say that Lady A. had lost £40,000 on the Stock Exchange.

There was a terrible to-do, but Lord Wilton, and George, Marquis of Ailesbury, settled it between them. The famous Ailesbury pearls had, however, to be sold in consequence.

The one engrossing idea that possessed Lady A. was how she could induce Lord Cardigan to make his will in favour of her son, Lord Charles Bruce, and she tried every means in her power to gain her end. In fact it became a mania with her, and I remember when she stayed at Deene after Cardigan's death, that one day when I returned from riding, I found her in the library ransacking my husband's papers. I asked her what she was doing, and she replied, "I am looking for Cardigan's will, for I feel sure he made a later one to benefit my dear boy." I assured her that, although I knew Lord Cardigan had made and destroyed many wills, his last will was the only one in existence, but I do not think she believed me. Lady A. was worldly to her finger-tips, and she used often to say, "I'm always civil to girls, for you never can tell what they will become."

The Earl of Cardigan.

Cowes

Lord and Lady Belfast lived at Cowes when I was a child. She was called "The Dragon" on account of her fiery temper, which was both devilish and dragon-like. One day Lord Adolphus FitzClarence said to Lord Belfast (who was enjoying a peaceful time during his wife's absence from home), "Well, Bel, we get on very well without the Dragon, don't we?"—an irreverent joke, apocryphal certainly, and afterwards the Belfasts were always known as "Bel and the Dragon."

Lord Belfast was a typical easy-going Irishman, and he was always in debt, a fact which never troubled him in the least. When the bailiffs periodically visited the establishment they were made welcome in quite an open-hearted way, and they were even persuaded to wear Lord Belfast's liveries and act as temporary footmen, greatly to "Bel's" amusement.

I can remember Lady Clare, a curious old lady, a sort of connection of the Belfasts, who often came to Cowes. She had been a great friend of George IV. and was one of the

privileged ladies who usually dined with him at the Pavilion in the gay days of the Regency.

Lady Clare was very fond of yachting, and we children used to go out with her and Lord Belfast in his brig.

These excursions were a fearful joy to us, and we would not have missed them for the world. Unfortunately, although Lady Clare was devoted to the sea, she was a very bad sailor and Neptune never failed to make unpleasant demands from her.

We were cruel children, and longed for this eventful moment, for we knew from past experience exactly when and where Lady Clare would display symptoms of sea-sickness. I can almost see the three of us attentively watching the suffering lady, and hear Algernon whisper, "Now—Adeline—look!!" Our great and culminating excitement was to see the rouge and face-powder mingle in streaks down Lady Clare's cheeks, and we always wondered why she used paint that came off so soon.

I can remember a children's party given for Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent by Lord Durham at Egypt (House). It was arranged that the Princess should "discover" me and my brothers sitting on the grass apparently amusing ourselves by singing Spanish songs to our guitar accompaniments and that we should be asked to repeat our songs for her benefit.

The artless ruse was quite successful, and we duly sang to the Princess, who graciously approved of our performance, and said that I had a "very sweet voice."

I suppose it was a great honour, but I remember at the time thinking I would far rather have been romping about with the other children than amusing Royalty. After this I was unfortunate enough to excite a good deal of jealousy among my young friends, and I was snubbed by them in consequence. However, I didn't care, and talked to the governesses instead of to the pupils.

Lord Wilton had a beautiful yacht called the

Zarifa, on which he used to entertain large parties. Once the wind dropped and we were becalmed on the other side of the island; Lady Wilton and her children, papa and myself, Lady A. and Lord Uxbridge were on board, and we had to stay all night, until a freshening breeze at 8 A.M. the next morning enabled us to get back to Cowes.

In 1842 I went to Osborne with my mother to see Lady Isabella Blatchford, who lived there, and on whose death the estate was purchased by the late Queen Victoria.

Some of my most pleasant recollections of Cowes in later years are of his Majesty King Edward VII., who, when Prince of Wales, often came to see me at my lovely little house—Rose Cottage—and also visited me on board my yacht, generally accompanied by Lord Suffield.

My friend, Sir Allan Young, was very useful to me once when I was yachting, as I had a very inefficient captain who, on my first visit to Dieppe, smashed into the pier, and considerably damaged the *Sea Horse's* figure-head.

Sir Allan piloted us most skilfully out of the harbour, and I remember *Vanity Fair* noticing the incident and stating that Lady Cardigan was broken-hearted at the loss of her figure-head.

CHAPTER IV

PRESENTED AT COURT

I am presented at Court : A fancy dress ball at Buckingham Palace : Death of my mother : The fortune-teller's prediction : Comedy and tragedy

My mother presented me at Court in February 1842, and shortly afterwards I went with my parents to the first fancy dress ball given by Queen Victoria.

Our dresses were lovely. My father wore the uniform of a Garde Française, and my mother was dressed as a Court lady of the same period. I went as a Louis XV. shepherdess. Mamma took endless pains in seeing that my costume was perfectly designed and carried out, and the result amply repaid her. I was very pleased with my own reflection when at last I was ready after what seemed hours of preparation. My hair was exquisitely *poudré*, and my

Lord Cardigan giving an account of the Charge of the Light Brigade to the Prince Consort and the Royal Children.

beautiful pink and white brocade gown, garlanded with roses, looked as though it had actually belonged to my prototype at Versailles.

The Queen and Prince Albert complimented mamma on my appearance, and told her that my dress was one of the prettiest in the ballroom. I wore my "Shepherdess" costume at Stafford House in the following July when the Royal Ball was reproduced.

On March 23, 1843, I experienced the first real sorrow of my happy girlhood, for my beloved mother died after an attack of scarlet fever.

The blow was a terrible one. Mamma was a beautiful, charming woman, and she was loved by every one who knew her. It seemed hard to bow to the decree of a Providence that deprived us of her, for she was so helpful, so interested in all we did, the most perfect wife and mother, and the most sympathetic of friends.

One of my treasured possessions is a gold cross containing a relic of St. Stephen which she once gave me; I often wear it, and I then

always feel very "near" to her, and I am convinced that her gentle spirit has sustained and comforted me in many sorrows I have experienced.

After mamma's death I kept house for papa at 8 Upper Grosvenor Street. My brothers were rarely at home. William was educated at Eton, and when he was sixteen years old the Duke of Wellington gave him a commission in the Grenadier Guards. Later he went through the Crimean War, and he retired from the Army in 1883, on account of ill-health, with the rank of Lieutenant-General.

Algernon entered the Navy in 1840 as a midshipman, and the same year took part in the operations on the coast of Syria. After the battle of Acre he received the Turkish medal and clasps: his promotion was rapid, and as Admiral, his flagship, the *Shah*, engaged the *Huascar*, which he forced to surrender to the Peruvian authorities.

Now that I was so much alone I occasionally found time hang heavy on my hands, and I welcomed any excitement as a break in the

monotony, for of course our period of mourning prevented us entertaining or accepting invitations.

One day my maid told me about a fortune-teller who had a wonderful gift for predicting the future. I was very much interested, and made up my mind to consult the oracle. My maid attempted to dissuade me, saying that the woman lived in Bridge Street, Westminster, which was not at all a nice neighbourhood.

I have always had my own way and, disguised in a borrowed cloak, bonnet and thick veil, and accompanied by my protesting servant, I started off to Bridge Street late one November afternoon.

It was dusk when we reached Westminster and found Bridge Street, badly lighted and evil-smelling. We knocked at the door, stated whom we wished to see, and we were ushered through a dark passage into a dirty room reeking of tobacco.

The fortune-teller was a wrinkled old woman who was smoking a short clay pipe with evident enjoyment. When I told her what I had

come for, she produced a greasy pack of cards, and after I had "crossed her palm" she commenced to tell my future.

"Ah!" said she at last, and she looked curiously, "my pretty young lady, fate holds a great deal in store for you. You will not marry for several years, but when you do it will be to a widower—a man in a high position. You will suffer much unkindness before you experience real happiness, you will obtain much and lose much, you will marry again after your husband's death, and you will live to a great age."

I was quite impressed by my "fortune," but I was a little disappointed, for like most girls I had my day-dreams of a young husband, and the prospect of a widower was thus rather depressing.

Strangely enough, the prediction came true, for Lord Cardigan *was* a widower, and nearly all the men who proposed to me were widowers! I was asked in marriage by Lord Sherborne, a widower with ten children; by the Duke of Leeds, who was a widower with eleven children,

and by Christopher Maunsell Talbot, once Father of the House of Commons, *also* a widower with four children. Prince Soltykoff, the Duke of St. Albans, Harry Howard, and Disraeli were other widowers who proposed to me, so I suppose I must have had some unaccountable fascination for bereaved husbands.

One of my most amusing experiences about this time originated in my wish to see a rather *risqué* play at the Princess's Theatre.

"Papa," said I one morning at breakfast, "I wish you would take me to the Princess's Theatre: every one's talking about the play. Do let us go this evening."

"Quite impossible," answered papa, with great decision. "Quite impossible, Adeline—I am dining to-night with General Cavendish at the Club, a long-standing engagement, and," he continued, in a tone of conscious virtue, "even if I were disengaged, I should not think of taking my daughter to see such a play; nothing, my dear, is so degrading as a public display of lax morals, and it is the duty

of every self-respecting person to discountenance such a performance. Let me hear no more about it"; and he opened the *Times* with an air of finality.

The evergreen fabrication of "going to the Club," the most obvious and clumsy of lies invented by man to deceive woman, was as flourishing then as it is to-day. Perhaps it was more successful, as the telephone was not invented. I quite believed papa's statement, but I was deceived, as subsequent events proved.

I was very much annoyed. All the morning I brooded over papa's refusal, and then I suddenly made up my mind that I *would* go to the play in spite of him.

I rang for my maid. "Parker," I said, "go at once to the Princess's Theatre and bespeak a box for me, and be ready to come with me to-night."

"Alone, miss?" ventured Parker.

"Yes, alone, now don't waste a moment"; and no sooner had she set off than I wrote and despatched a letter to Lord Cardigan, who was

a friend of papa, and asked him to come to my box at the Princess's that evening.

Parker and I arrived early and I settled down to enjoy myself. The overture commenced, and I was just about to inspect the audience when Lord Cardigan came into the box; he was rather agitated. "Miss de Horsey," he said, without any preliminaries, "you must leave the theatre at once."

"I'll do no such thing," I cried angrily. "What on earth is the matter?"

"Well," reluctantly answered Cardigan—"well, Miss de Horsey, your father and General Cavendish are in the box opposite—with" (he looked at me apologetically)—"with their mistresses! It will never do for you to be seen. Do, I implore you, permit me to escort you home before the performance begins."

I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to laugh. So this was the long-standing engagement, *this* papa's parade of morality! I peeped out from the curtains of the box—it was quite true; directly opposite to me there sat papa

and the General, with two very pretty women I did not remember seeing before.

"I *shall* see the play," I said to Lord Cardigan, "and you'll put me into a cab before it is over; I shall be home before papa returns from—the 'Club'"; and I laughed again at the idea.

I spent a most exciting evening hidden behind the curtains, and I divided my attention between papa and the performance. About the middle of the last act we left. Lord Cardigan hailed a hackney-carriage and gave the driver directions where to go; he then wished me good-night and a safe return. It was a foggy evening, and the drive seemed interminable. I became impatient. "Parker," I said, "lower the window and tell the man to make haste."

Parker obeyed, and I heard an angry argument in the fog. She sat down with a horrified face and announced:

"Oh, Miss—we are nearly at Islington—and the driver's drunk!"

Here was a pretty state of things! "Parker,

tell him to stop at once." She did so, and I got out to ascertain what was happening.

The man *was* drunk, but I succeeded in frightening him into turning his horse's head in the direction of Upper Grosvenor Street, and we set off again.

Theatres were "out" much earlier then than now, but it must have taken a long time to reach Mayfair, for I heard midnight strike when the cab stopped at the end of the street. I sent Parker on to open the door while I paid the man, and I devoutly hoped the "Club" had proved attractive enough to prevent papa returning home before me.

As I stood in front of No. 8 the door was opened—not by Parker but by papa.

I felt I was in for a *mauvais quart d'heure*, but I walked quietly into the hall.

"Adeline," said papa in an awful voice, "explain yourself. Where have you been? Is this an hour for a young lady to be out of doors? How dare you conduct yourself in this manner?"

The courage of despair seized me—and, let

me confess it, a spice of devilment also. I faced my angry parent quite calmly.

"I've been to the Princess's Theatre, papa," I said demurely (he started); "and I saw you and General Cavendish there; I thought you were dining at the Club . . . and I saw . . ."

"Go to bed at once, Adeline," interrupted papa, looking very sheepish, "we'll talk about your behaviour later."

But he never mentioned the subject to me again!

The intimate history of Society is full of unsuspected tragedy, but when the veil is torn aside, the unhappiness of many a husband and wife becomes tragedy in real earnest, and the light-hearted butterflies who sip the sweets of the good things of this life are horrified at the idea of such things happening in their midst.

The grim story I am about to relate concerned particular friends of mine, and it made a great impression upon me.

Constance de Burgh was one of my great friends, she was a very pretty, charming girl

who married Lord Ward, who had always been considered a great *parti* by mothers with marriageable daughters.

Constance was not in love with her husband ; he had proposed and she was told she must accept him. A dutiful daughter of rather colourless character, Constance never dreamt of opposition, and so she became Lady Ward.

Marriage frequently means disillusion, and the Ward marriage was not a success.

William Ward was a pleasant man, but he had extraordinary ideas of how to treat a wife, ideas which could only be tolerated by a tactful woman who could laugh at them, and forget all the unpleasantness they entailed. Poor Constance was not tactful, and not accommodating. Her husband worshipped the beautiful ; he had selected his wife partly on account of her beauty, and he treated her like some lovely slave he had bought. He had a strange, almost barbaric passion for precious stones, and he bought quantities of them and lavished them on his wife, who appeared at great entertainments literally ablaze with diamonds.

What pleased Lord Ward more than anything was to make Constance put on all her jewels for his special benefit when they were alone. He would admire her thus for hours, delighting in her lovely unclothed figure, and contrasting the sheen of her ropes of pearls with her delicate skin, as she sat on a black satin-covered couch.

These strange proceedings at first terrified and then disgusted Constance. She appealed to her father, but her parents decided that her husband's peculiarities came within the meaning of the marriage vows, and she was told she must submit to her husband's humours.

Fate then threw Constance across Lord Dupplin's path, with the result that the tragedy began.

I knew Blanche Dupplin very well, and often when I was lunching with her she would tell me sorrowfully about her husband's infatuation. "It is useless to expostulate," said Blanche; "Dupplin will not abandon the affair, and I don't know how it will end if William Ward finds out his wife's infidelity."

Matters came to a crisis at a fancy dress ball given by Lady Londonderry at Holderness House, the chief feature being a quadrille danced by ladies representing famous European queens. I met the Wards there; Constance looked delicate, and early in the evening she said she felt ill and must go home. She came over to where her husband and I were standing, and asked him whether he intended to accompany her.

"No, I shall stay," said Lord Ward, "I mean to have several dances with Miss de Horsey. Go home by all means if you are tired."

Constance was *enceinte*, so her absence excited no comment as she was far from strong. Her husband remained until nearly 3 A.M., when he departed for his house in Park Lane—it was daylight, and, as he approached the house, he suddenly noticed a man leaving it. Their eyes met; it was Lord Dupplin, who turned and ran for his life down the street.

Lord Ward entered, and startled the sleepy footman by telling him to rouse the servants and bid them assemble in the hall. He then went upstairs to his wife's bedroom.

What passed between them was told by Constance to a friend; her husband came to her bedside and accused her of committing adultery with Lord Dupplin. "Get up, madame," he continued, "my house is yours no longer; arrangements shall be made for your future, but henceforth you are no wife of mine."

Tears and entreaties were useless, and Constance was obliged to dress; William Ward then led her past the scandalised servants who were waiting downstairs, and—turned her out of doors.

The poor frightened girl managed to reach her parents' house in Grosvenor Crescent, and implored them to give her shelter, but they were as heartless as her husband, and told her they could not take her in. More dead than alive, she turned her steps to Conduit Street, where her singing-master lived, and this gentleman, full of compassion for his unfortunate pupil, allowed her to remain there until the next day, when she went to Ostend.

From Ostend she went to Ems, where her child was prematurely born and the unhappy

young mother died. Her husband brought her body to England, and once again Constance Ward lay in her darkened bedroom.

On the evening of the day before her burial, Lord Colville came to see Lord Ward. They talked for some time and then the widower suddenly turned to his friend.

"Colville—you admired my wife?"

"Yes," replied Lord Colville, "I did."

"Well, come and look your last on her," said Lord Ward, and lighting a candle he led the way upstairs.

The room was full of shadows, and the flickering light fell on the lovely face of the dead woman. Silently Lord Colville stood by her, and his heart ached when he thought of her fate. Ward was watching him attentively. "Still admiring my wife? Well, she was a pretty woman—but—you'd never credit she had such bad teeth." He put down the candle on a table as he spoke, and raised his wife's head from the pillow. With cold deliberation he wrenched the jaws apart. "I always told you she had bad teeth," he repeated, "look here,

man." But Lord Colville had hurriedly left the room.

He told me afterwards it was the most ghastly sight he had ever seen.

CHAPTER V

COUNTRY-HOUSE VISITS

Houses and their owners : Homes of memories : Country-house visits in the 'forties—How the modern girl would regard them : A ball at the King's House : Badminton, Berkeley Castle, Bretby : I take part in theatricals : De Grammont and the lovely Lady Chesterfield : Lord Howe and his daughters : Lady Victoria Talbot and Lord Anson : I take undeserved blame : Christmas in Beaudesert : "L'Adieu" : Louis Napoleon and Lady Desart—a pretty compliment : Simple amusements : Belvoir Castle : Cassiobury : A highway robbery : Our cowardly friends : I meet Lord Brougham : Some other country-houses.

I AM sure that even the most unromantic and democratic person in these unromantic and democratic days feels some pride when he sees those stately houses which have cradled the great families of England. I have an affection, amounting to veneration, for the English

ancestral home, especially when it is still in the possession of the descendants of the man who built it. Such places belong in a measure to the dead; and if the dead return they find the dim old rooms and echoing halls sacred to them, and not given over to some moneyed vulgarian who has bought what he merely considers a "desirable property." I often wonder whether the walls shrink when an old house passes into such hands.

My country-house visits are associated with many happy memories, and country-house visits were important events when I was a girl. It was an understood thing for people to go to certain houses at certain times, a yearly institution, only disturbed by marriages or deaths. We did not expect the constant change which seems so essential now; we made and kept our friends in those conservative Early Victorian days; we enjoyed ourselves in a quiet way; husbands did not go North and wives South; we used our bed-pillows to sleep on and not to fight with—in short, if the modern *débutante* had to stay in

the country-house as it was sixty years ago she would probably think Society was about on a level with a maiden aunt's views.

After my gay season of 1842 and the innumerable balls and parties which my dear mother seemed to enjoy as much as I did, we went to Cowes, where we spent a delightful month. Mamma gave a ball for me at the King's House, a former residence of George IV., which we had taken that year ; it is now pulled down and replaced by a hideous row of houses, which I regard as an eyesore when I remember the house where I spent so many happy days.

From Cowes we went to stay with the Ailesburys at Savernake, and then to Badminton, where the Beauforts had a large family party. The church was attached to the house, and one actually walked out of the library into the Parish Church, where the roomy Beaufort pew was well warmed by a fire. I remember going with the Duchess, my mother, and Lord Cantelupe to see Berkeley Castle, a most interesting but very uncomfortable draughty old place. I afterwards heard that Colonel

Berkeley, whose name figured in certain scandals of the Regency, had spent much of his time there with the numerous frail ladies who found him irresistible.

From Badminton we went on a visit to Lord Forester at Willey Park, Shropshire, where I met Lady Jersey and her daughter, Lady Clementina Villiers.

Lady Jersey was the greatest *grande dame* in London Society, and her house in Berkeley Square was the centre of the Tory party. She knew all the artistic and literary celebrities of the day, and her popularity was most remarkable. Lady Clementina Villiers was a beautiful and accomplished girl, and everybody loved her. Once when some one said to her father that "no one was perfect," Lord Jersey replied: "There is one who is perfect—there is Clementina." Many suitors proposed for her, a most persistent one being the Duke d'Ossuna, a grandee of Spain, and an immensely rich man. He must have been deeply in love with the beautiful English girl, for he used to keep many drawings and por-

traits of Lady Clementina in his palace at Madrid.

"Those whom the gods love die young," and so it was with Clementina Villiers; she was taken ill during a visit to Germany with her mother and only returned to England to die.

Her portraits were in all the "Books of Beauty" of the day, but although they faithfully portray her perfect features, they cannot convey the beauty of colour and changing expression that were her greatest charms.

In the autumn of 1844 we went to Bretby, the seat of the Earl of Chesterfield, where we spent a most enjoyable time. There was a large house-party, among many others the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, Mr. and Lady Sophia des Vœux, Lord Alvanley, and the Count de Nieukerke, who was the recognised lover of Princess Mathilde Bonaparte. M. de Nieukerke was a very charming man, and he was much struck by my singing, and used to compare me with George Sand's heroine—Consuelo—for I was a very pretty girl with a slight,

but fine figure, and long hair that fell in curls below my knees.

On my second visit to Bretby I remember we acted De Musset's play, *Le Caprice*. Lady Chesterfield's daughter, Evelyn Stanhope, afterwards Countess of Carnarvon, and Miss Anson, afterwards Countess Howe, took the girls' parts, and I was the hero. Lady Dufferin coached me and, what was very important, taught me to sit down like a man! My costume was an *olla podrida* of other people's garments, for I wore Lady Chesterfield's riding-trousers, Lord Cleveden's coat and waistcoat, one of Lord Chesterfield's shirts, and a curly wig put the finishing-touch to the character. *Le Caprice* was a great success, and we were highly pleased with ourselves.

Bretby was the scene of the enforced retirement of the lovely Lady Chesterfield, whose jealous husband brought her thither from the Court of Charles II. De Grammont followed her, and I have often sat in the summer-house, described in his "Memoirs," where he patiently waited for his inamorata to pass by.

When we left Bretby, we posted to Lord Howe's at Gopsall, twenty miles away, where we found another large party. Lord Howe had married Lord Cardigan's sister, and his three daughters were named, not after his or her relatives, but after three of his former loves; Lady Georgina Fane, Queen Adelaide, and Emily Bagot. *A propos* of Lord Howe's affection for the Queen Dowager, the story goes that when some malicious scandal-mongers circulated a rumour that she had had a child by him, everybody exclaimed, "Lord! How(e) can it be?"

Lady Victoria Talbot, who was staying at Gopsall, was very much in love with Lord Anson, and was always trying to make a sketch of him. I got tired of seeing impressions of the Anson profile, full face, three-quarter face, lying about as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa; but Lady Victoria went on blissfully sketching, until one morning her mother discovered the work of the love-smitten amateur artist. "Who did these?" she demanded, thinking somebody was Anson mad. Lady Victoria

apparently dreaded confession, for the Countess seemed by her manner to consider sketching young men rather a fast proceeding. Lady Victoria cast an appealing glance at me—"Miss de Horsey did them, mamma!" I accepted the lie, and after that the Anson sketching mania died a natural death.

We usually spent Christmas at Beaudesert, Lord Anglesey's lovely old place. We were always a merry party, and we dined in the large hall, which is one of the chief features of the house. Lord Anglesey was very fond of me, and used to write to me as "My dear Prima Donna!" Some of the friends staying at Beaudesert were Lord and Lady Sydney, Lord and Lady Winchilsea, Lord and Lady Desart, Lord Anson, Lord Ward, M. and Madame Dietrichstein, and the Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Percy. In 1846 I was bridesmaid to Lady Constance Paget, who married Lord Winchilsea; and my great friend, Florence Paget, afterwards married the last Marquis of Hastings.

Louis Napoleon was a frequent visitor at

Beaudesert, and he used to ask me to sing Schubert's "Adieu" to him every evening; perhaps it recalled some memory of happier days. He was a charming man, alway courtesy itself, and he possessed the art of making a compliment as only a Frenchman can. When one evening he was asked now he liked the house, he replied, "J'aime beaucoup Beaudesert, mais," turning to Lady Desart, "encore plus la belle Desart."

There was no hunting or shooting at Beaudesert, and our amusements were very simple ones. After lunch we walked over Cannock Chase, and those ladies who did not care for walking rode sturdy little ponies. We returned to tea, and after dinner there was music, cards or dancing. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and nobody was bored, although we did not smoke cigarettes, lose money at Bridge, or scour the country in motor-cars to kill time.

Belvoir Castle was another delightful place I stayed at, and I remember the fifth Duke of Rutland drinking my health on my eighteenth birthday. His son, the Marquis of Granby,

was a man of consummate tact and presence of mind. At one of the house-parties there was a pretty young married lady with whom he was greatly smitten, and having received every encouragement, he paid a visit to her room after she had retired. The lady was asleep, and just as the Marquis was about to rouse her, the door opened, and the husband, whom he supposed to be otherwise engaged, appeared unexpectedly on the scene. It was an embarrassing moment, but the Marquis, who was equal to the occasion, held up a warning finger and exclaimed in an anxious whisper, "Hush! don't disturb her, she is fast asleep; I was passing, and I thought I smelt fire—but all's well." The husband thanked him with honest gratitude, and doubtless felt all the happier for being under the roof of such a solicitous host.

Before going back to town from Belvoir Castle, my mother and I stayed one day at the Old Club on the invitation of Sir James Musgrave and John Moore. It was New Year's Eve, and the bells which rang in the

New Year must have continued all night, for I never got any sleep, and so the morning of January 1, 1843, found me very tired, and not in the best of tempers!

We spent many week-ends at Cassiobury with Lord and Lady Essex, and as it is only seventeen miles from London, we found it most accessible, and used to go there in the winter as well as the summer.

Cassiobury was the scene of a practical joke which originated with Henry Blackwood, who was staying there one summer. Some very self-important young men had been invited for the week-end, and Henry Blackwood thought it would be great fun to enact the part of highwaymen and stop their travelling-carriage as they were driving through the lonely park. He enlisted two other kindred spirits to help him, and, of course, the whole house-party was in the secret.

We were all full of conjectures as to how these young bloods would face the highwaymen. They would naturally be startled, we thought, but as they were (according to them-

selves) such *ultra*-superior people, we could not imagine them behaving, even under such conditions, in any other than an ultra-superior way. The eventful evening was fine and dark, and we all went to the place destined for the scene of the robbery, and hid under cover, patiently waiting for the fun to begin. Henry Blackwood and his friends were disguised beyond recognition, and did indeed look desperadoes of the road.

At last the faint noise of wheels in the distance was heard, and as they drew nearer we were breathless with expectation. The travelling-carriage was dimly discernible—it approached—Henry Blackwood rushed forward to the horses' heads, while his friends told the trembling post-boys to drive on at their peril. Needless to say the carriage was at once brought to a standstill, one highwayman stood by the two horses, and Henry Blackwood went to the carriage door and told the occupants to alight, and hand over their valuables.

We thought that the crucial moment had arrived for our superior friends to assert them-

selves, but we were speedily disillusioned, for the young men, who were giving vent to a series of frightened squeaks, were terrified out of their wits. "Spare our lives," they cried in an imploring chorus, "and you can take everything we have!" "Spare our lives," they kept on repeating as they handed over their money, watches and jewellery to the merciless Henry. At last, half dead with fear, they were allowed to enter the carriage, which was driven away as though pursued by the devil.

When we emerged from our hiding-place and saw the booty, we were highly amused, and, I may say, very disgusted at the cowardice shown by the superior young men. It was a difficult task to enact the part of sympathetic listeners later in the evening, and hear a very much embroidered account of the dozens of highwaymen who infested the Park, armed to the teeth and apparently villains of the deepest dye.

The feelings of the young cowards can be easily imagined when next morning, at breakfast, Henry Blackwood returned them their

belongings "with the compliments of the highwaymen," and the suppressed laughter which greeted the announcement made them feel very small indeed. They left later in the day, but the story got about, and they never felt so superior afterwards.

My last recollection of Cassiobury was in 1849, when I stayed there after the announcement of my engagement to the Count Montemolin. The great Lord Brougham was included in the house-party, and one day when he was walking in the gardens, talking about my approaching marriage, he suddenly dropped on one knee, and taking my hand, kissed it, saying as he did so, "Let me be the first to kiss your hand as future Queen of Spain."

This somewhat theatrical behaviour was exactly what Lord Brougham delighted in. He was a very ugly man, and like most ugly people he was very vain. He was a wonderful speaker, and few cared to provoke his powers of sarcasm; Hazlitt describes him as "a man of inordinate ambition and little heart"; but he certainly possessed some heart, for he adored

Bust, by Boehm, of the Countess of Cardigan.

his daughter Eleanor, who died at Cannes when she was only nineteen. The poor girl was an invalid all her short life, and her father resided at Cannes solely on her account. He built the Villa Eleanor for her, and until Lord Brougham's death her bedroom was always known as "Eleanor's room," and kept exactly as it had been when she occupied it.

The Villa is now an hotel, and Cannes is very different to what it was when Lord Brougham settled there. He told me that the town had only one hotel and one street when he first saw it.

Eleanor Brougham's body was brought to England, and she was buried in the small graveyard which belongs to Lincoln's Inn Chapel. I do not think any other woman has ever been interred there. The Marquis of Wellesley wrote her epitaph, and I believe it is a very beautiful and touching one.

I remember an amusing incident that happened when I was staying with Lord and Lady Wilton at Egerton Lodge, Melton Mowbray. Lord Wilton was a very handsome,

fascinating man, and his numerous love affairs had gained for him the title of the "The Wicked Earl," in fact, many of the country people never called him anything else.

One Sunday Lady Wilton and I went to church unaccompanied by Lord Wilton, who, whatever his failings might be, was usually most strict in his religious observances.

Melton Church was then a very old-fashioned edifice, with high pews; and the clerk, who sat directly underneath the vicar's seat, was considered quite an important factor in the services.

I saw the clerk look at us as we entered the church, and he evidently noticed Lord Wilton's absence, but I was not prepared for what followed. The vicar duly commenced, "When the wicked ——," but he was stopped by the clerk, who turned to him, and looking across at Lord Wilton's vacant seat said in a loud voice, "Please, sir, his Lordship's not come yet!"

The old Duchess of Cambridge was one of the house-party at Egerton Lodge, and she very good-naturedly offered to take care of me

on my journey to London, as we were both leaving the same day. We travelled together, and directly the train started, the Duchess opened a large reticule and took out a German sausage which she devoured with great relish, cutting slices off it with a silver knife, with which she transferred them to her mouth.

I frequently went to Wittley, Lord Ward's place, and I remember his eccentric brother, Dudley Ward, once getting up at dinner and hitting him without any provocation.

Lord Ward had very curly hair, which could never be induced to lie smoothly on his head. I remember when he stayed at Deene after I married Cardigan that his valet suddenly left, giving as his reason for so doing that he thought his Lordship was going mad. It appears that the man had gone unexpectedly into his master's bedroom, and found him sitting in his bath with his HAT on. This seemed such an odd proceeding that the valet, who was a new servant, decided to leave at once and seek employment with a less eccentric master.

The reason Lord Ward wore his hat was solely to try and keep his rebellious curls in order!

After my dear mother's death I visited a great deal with my father, and one year we went for the shooting to Lord Huntingfield's place, Heveningham Hall. I slept in the bedroom once occupied by the famous Chevalier d'Eon, who had been a frequent guest at Heveningham, and about whom there were many stories told. It was said that the Chevalier was the one and only lover of cross-grained Queen Charlotte, and that her son, George IV., was the result of their intimacy, although his paternity was of course admitted by King George III. The animosity always displayed by the old Queen to her grand-daughter, Princess Charlotte, was supposed to arise from the fact that as heiress to the throne she innocently dispossessed the other Royal Dukes from the succession. It is certainly a fact that the Princess's untimely death in childbirth was attributed to foul play at the time, and when later the accoucheur Sir Richard Croft, com-

mitted suicide, all classes of society were loud in condemnation of the Queen and the Prince Regent. I do not vouch for the accuracy of Queen Charlotte's love affair. I only give the Heveningham gossip as I heard it.

As D'Eon was undoubtedly one of the most picturesque and mysterious personages of the eighteenth century I was naturally interested in these somewhat scandalous stories.

The Chevalier died when he was eighty-three years of age, after a most extraordinary career. He was at one time aide-de-camp to the Comte de Broglie, and fought in the French army ; but later on for some mysterious reason he discarded man's attire and passed as a woman for thirty-four years. Often when I went into my room I half expected to see a ghostly figure seated at the *escritoire* where the Chevalier wrote his secret cipher communications, and I wondered whether the brocade gowns and frills and furbelows that he wore as a woman had ever hung in the old wardrobe which I used.

My father and I also stayed with the West-

morlands at Apethorpe Hall; we visited the Earl and Countess of Chichester at Stanmer Park, and we were welcome guests at Cadlands, Silverlands, Chiswick House, West Park, and my uncle Lord Stradbroke's place, Henham Hall, which was afterwards burnt down.

I had visited Deene Park with my mother in 1842, but I must deal with my future home in the chapter devoted to Deene and its associations.

CHAPTER VI

THE COUNT MONTEMOLIN

A royal lover : The Count Montemolin proposes for me : We become engaged : I visit the Archduchess Beatrix : The late Don Carlos as a baby : The Count's weakness : I resolve to give up all ideas of a Spanish marriage : I am dogged by Carlist spies : I break off my engagement : The Count's after-career : His death : Fever or poison?

It is said that few people achieve greatness, but that some have it thrust upon them. I can class myself with the latter, for I could have married a Prince of the Royal Family of Spain, the Count de Montemolin, who was at one time regarded as the rightful King of Spain.

Carlos Luis Fernando de Bourbon, Count de Montemolin, born 1818, was the eldest son of the first Don Carlos, the legitimist claimant to the Spanish throne on the death of his brother,

Fernando VII., in 1833. After the ending of the first Carlist war in the defeat of the legitimists and the establishment of Isabella on the throne, the old Don Carlos retired into private life and abdicated his claims in 1845 to his eldest son Montemolin, who thus became the second Don Carlos. He was a young man of some ability but weak and unstable. There was a strong party in Spain desirous to bring about a reconciliation of the two branches of the Royal Family by a marriage between the young Queen Isabella and her first cousin, Montemolin, but political passion and personal animosity stood in the way, and all Europe took part in the intrigue known as the Spanish Marriages. This ended of course in the disastrous marriage of Isabella with her cousin Francisco, and that of her sister Fernanda with the Duc de Montpensier, the son of Louis Philippe, a defeat for English diplomacy which nearly caused a war with France. The Carlists had never been favourable to the idea of a marriage of Montemolin and Isabella, whom they regarded as a usurper, and they

Don Carlos Luis Maria de Borbon, Count Montemolin.

looked out a legitimist Royal Princess for him. His younger brother, Don Juan, married Princess Beatrix of Modena, and their son was the late Don Carlos. Queen Isabella married in 1846, and dissensions very soon broke out between her and her wretched husband, who really, like most of the Royal Family, was a Carlist at heart. Montemolin had issued a manifesto at Bourges in France in 1845, when he saw that he could not marry Isabella on his own terms, and his father had abdicated in the same year, and he soon after came to London, mustered his party, and began to organise a fresh Carlist rising in Spain. English diplomacy had suffered a great defeat and he found plenty of people here to help him; he was made much of in Society and became a lion for a time, being treated with full royal honours.

I made the acquaintance of the Count Montemolin in 1848, when he was staying with the Duc and Duchesse de Nemours at Orleans House, Twickenham. He was a very distinguished-looking man, but his good looks

were marred by the hereditary defect of the Bourbon Eye, peculiar to the family.

The Count was a beautiful dancer, and we danced together a great deal at the numerous balls where we met, and after Montemolin had made my father's acquaintance he used often to visit us at Upper Grosvenor Street.

We had many tastes in common ; the Count was passionately fond of music, so we sang together in French and Spanish, and thus gradually friendship became love, at least on his part. I, myself, was dazzled by the romance of the affair, and by the rank of my would-be suitor, for I do not think any girl in my position could have been quite unmoved if a Prince of the Blood selected her for his wife instead of one of the Royalties he could have chosen.

The Count proposed to me in February '49, but I quite appreciated the difficulties that beset such a marriage, and, after the Count's declaration, I hesitated to definitely consent to become his wife. He apparently was greatly distressed, and sent me the following letter :

"*February* 1849.

"MADEMOISELLE,—Je prends la liberté de vous écrire, mais sous le plus absolu secret, car sans cela je serai complètement perdu, pour vous ouvrir mon cœur.

"J'étais l'homme le plus malheureux depuis ce que vous m'avez dit au dernier bal. Comment vous me croire capable de vous tromper. Je ne trouvais de repos nulle part, je n'osais plus vous parler; et cependant je cherchais par tous les moyens à vous rencontrer car je ne pouvais pas vivre sans au moins vous voir, et aussi parceque j'espérais qu'il se présenterait une occasion de vous parler et de vous prouver que je suis un homme d'honneur et non pas celui que l'on avait voulu vous faire croire. Mais la bienveillante et gracieuse manière avec laquelle vous m'avez reçu jeudi dernier a dissipé toutes mes craintes.

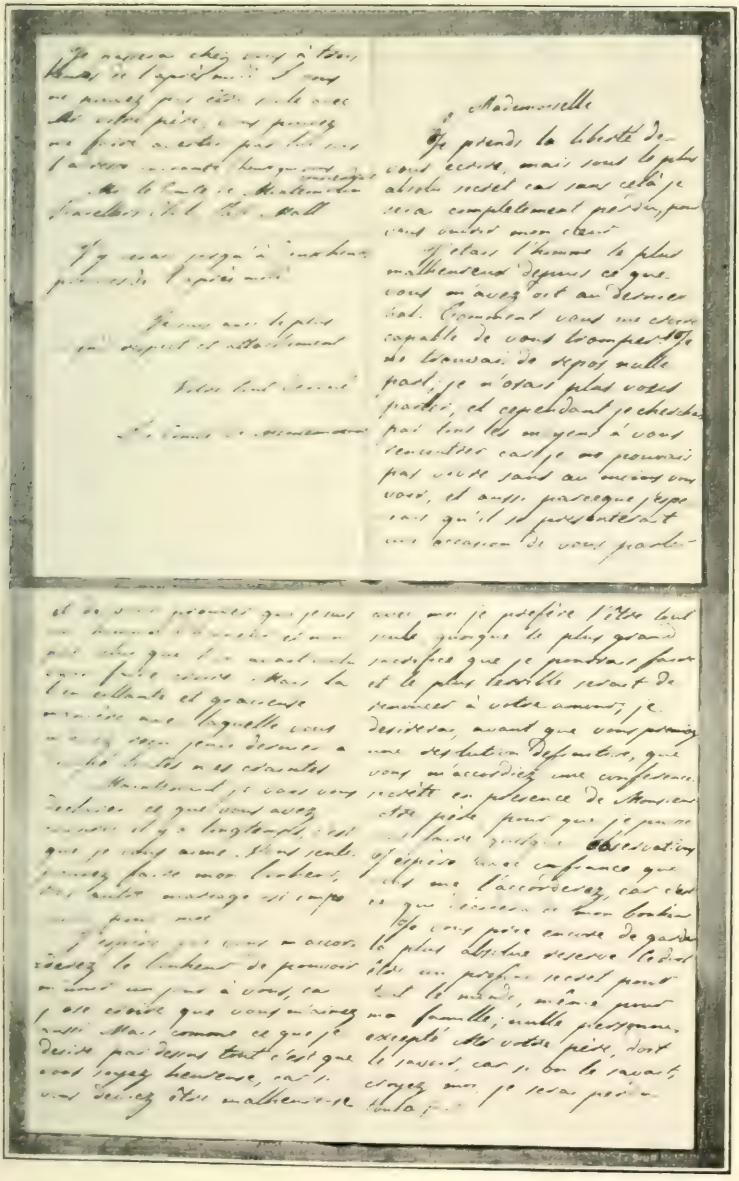
"Maintenant je vais vous déclarer ce que vous avez compris il y a longtemps, c'est que je vous aime. Vous seule pouvez faire mon

bonheur, tout autre mariage est impossible pour moi.

"J'espère que vous m'accorderez le bonheur de pouvoir m'unir un jour à vous, car j'ose croire que vous m'aimez aussi. Mais comme ce que je désire par-dessus tout c'est que vous soyez heureuse, car si vous deviez être malheureuse avec moi, je prefère d'être toute seule quoique le plus grand sacrifice que je pourrais faire et le plus terrible serait de renoncer à votre amour, je désirerai avant que vous preniez une résolution définitive, que vous m'accordiez une conférence secrète en presence de monsieur votre père, pour que je puisse vous faire quelques observations. J'espère avec confiance que vous me l'accorderez, car c'est ce que décidera de mon bonheur.

"Je vous prie encore de garder la plus absolue réserve. Ce doit être un profond secret pour tout le monde, même pour ma famille ; nulle personne excepté M. votre père doit le savoir, car si on le savait, croyez moi, je serai perdu tout à fait.

"Je passerai chez vous à trois heures de



Photograph of Letter from the Count Montemolin to Miss De Horsey, received Feb. 27, 1849.

l'après-midi. Si vous ne pouvez pas être seule avec M. votre père, vous pouvez me faire avertir par lui sous l'adresse suivante l'heure qui vous conviendrait.

"M. LE COMTE DE MONTEMOLIN,
"Travellers' Club, Pall Mall.

"J'y serai jusqu'à deux heures precises de l'après-midi.

"Je suis, avec le plus profond respect et attachement,

"Votre tout devoué
"LE COMTE DE MONTEMOLIN."

[*Translation.*]

"*February* 1849.

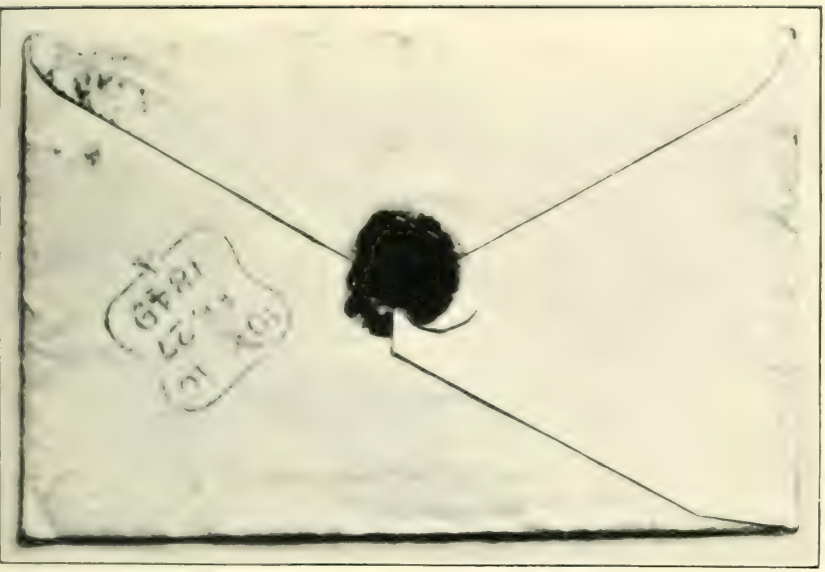
"MADEMOISELLE,—I am taking the liberty of writing to you to open my heart, but under the greatest secrecy, as without that I shall be completely lost.

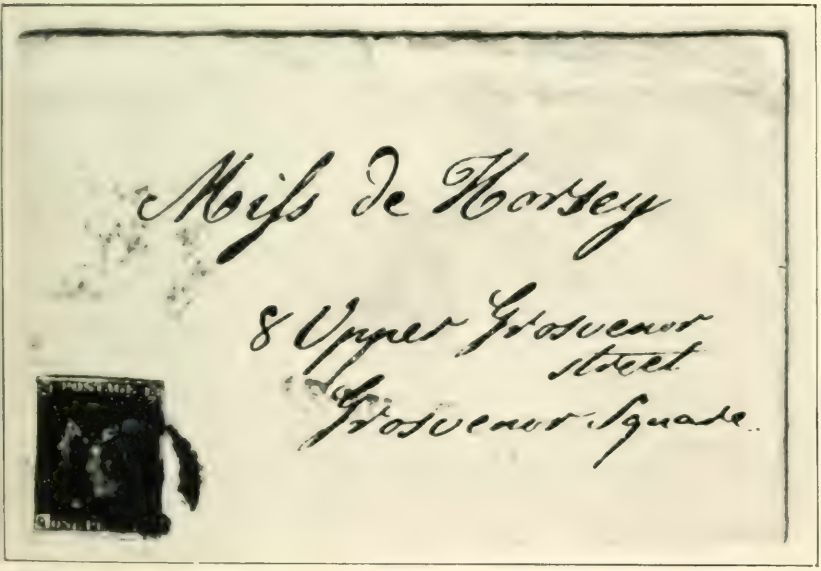
"I was the most unhappy man in the world after what you said to me at the last ball. How could you believe me capable of deceiv-

ing you! I should never have any peace of mind were I to do so. I did not dare to speak to you again, and nevertheless I sought by every means to meet you, because I could not live without at least seeing you, and also because I hoped for the chance of speaking to you and proving to you that I am a man of honour, and not such a one as people would have you believe. But your kind and gracious manner on Thursday last has dispelled all my fears.

"Now, I am going to tell you what you must have felt for a long time; it is that I love you. You alone can make my happiness; any other marriage is impossible for me.

"I hope you will grant me the happiness of marrying you one day, because I dare think you too love me. But above all things I desire your happiness, and if I thought you would ever become unhappy with me, I would rather suffer alone, although the greatest and most terrible sacrifice I could make would be to renounce your love. I should, however, wish before you decide definitely that you would grant me a secret interview in the presence of





Photograph of Envelope which contained the Count Montemolin's letter of February 27, 1849.

your father, in order that I can say certain things to you. I trust that you will grant me this interview, as it will decide my future happiness.

"I beg you again to maintain the greatest reserve in the matter. It must be a secret from everybody, even from my own family. Nobody except your father must know anything about it; for if they did, believe me, I should be completely lost.

"I will call at your house at three o'clock in the afternoon, and if you cannot be alone then with your father, you can send me word by him to the following address when it will be convenient to you.

"M. le Comte de Montemolin,
"Travellers' Club, Pall Mall.

"I shall be there until two o'clock exactly.

"I am, with the deepest respect and attachment,

"Your devoted,

"Le Comte de Montemolin."

My father and I therefore saw the Count, who successfully overcame our doubts about the wisdom of his marriage to an Englishwoman in view of the political situation in Spain. Montemolin was so much in love that he easily waived every obstacle my father placed in the way, and at last it was settled that we were to be formally engaged, subject to certain conditions which my father insisted on the Count complying with.

The following announcement which appeared in the *Morning Post* caused, needless to say, something of a stir in Society. Some people thought I was a very fortunate girl to secure so great a *parti*, and others—who were jealous—prophesied disaster "through vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself!"

> "We are enabled to state that a marriage of more than common interest even from a political point of view has been agreed upon between a fair countrywoman of our own and one of the Royal personages who have had occasion to seek refuge in Great Britain. The Count de Montemolin has offered his

hand to Miss de Horsey, the accomplished daughter of Spencer de Horsey, Esq., and the marriage will shortly be solemnised in this country. It is understood that a negotiation has been opened by the Prince with the government of the Queen of Spain, which has consented to make an adequate provision for his Royal Highness and his bride, in consideration of the renunciation of the claims to the throne, of the male line of which the Count de Montemolin is the representative."

I was introduced to all my future husband's relations who were in England, and I was very charmed with the Archduchess Beatrix, *née* the Princess Beatrix of Modena, who had married the Count's younger brother, Don Juan. They lived in Bayswater at the time, and I remember going with my father to see her, and greatly admiring her lovely black-eyed baby boy, who in after-life was to be known as Don Carlos.

The Count's letter inviting me to visit his sister-in-law is interesting, as it shows how completely our engagement was sanctioned by his family.

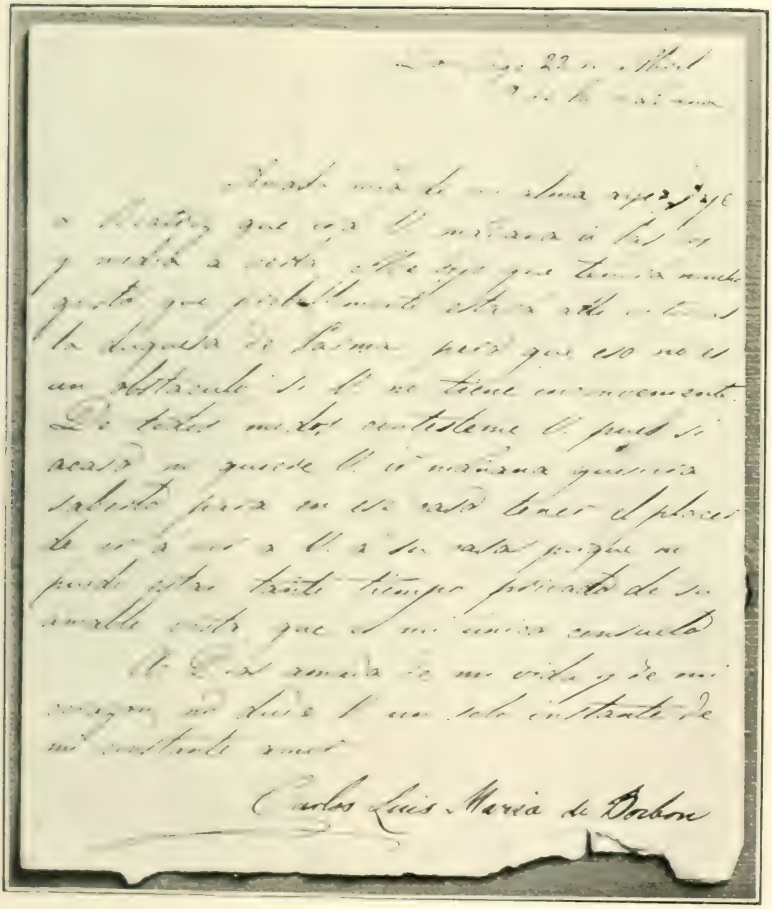
"Domingo, *22 de Abril*,
"9, de la Manana.

"Amada mia de mi alma,—Ayer yo dije á Beatriz que iria Vd Mañana á las dos y media á verla. Me dijo que tendria mucho gusto; que probablemente estará allé entonces la Duquesa de Parma pero que eso no es un obstaculo si Vd no tiene inconveniente. De todos modos contesteme Vd pues si acaso no quiere Vd ir mañana quisiera saberlo, para en ese caso ir á ver á Vd á su casa, porque no puedo estar tanto tiempo privado de su amable vista que es mi unico consuelo. A Dios amada de mi vida y de mi corazon no dude Vd un solo instante de mi constante amor.

"Carlos Luis Maria de Borbon."

[*Translation.*]

"Beloved of my soul,—I told Beatrice yesterday that you will go to-morrow at half-



Photograph of Letter, April 22, 1849, from the Count Montemolin to Miss De Horsey.

past two to see her. She told me that she would have much pleasure, but that probably the Duchess of Parma would be there, but that there would be no obstacle if you have no objection. In any case, answer me, because if by chance you do not wish to go to-morrow I should like to know it, so that in that case to have the pleasure of going to see you at your house, for I cannot endure to be so long a time deprived of the pleasant sight of you, for this is my only consolation. Good-bye, beloved of my life and of my soul. Do not doubt for a single instant my constant love.

"Carlos Luis Maria de Borbon."

The fresh Carlist war (managed from London) raged in the east of Spain under the famous Cabrera, and was continued through 1848, Montemolin remaining in London, much to the discontent of his party in Spain. In February 1849, Cabrera was indignantly demanding more men and resources to carry on the war, and, above all, the presence of the Prince

himself in the field. Montemolin, therefore was obliged to return to Spain, but he could not bring himself to remain there, and so he obtained a pass from Louis Napoleon which enabled him to come back to London.

He lost no time in at once seeing me, but I was shocked at his leaving Spain for my sake, as I had all a romantic girl's idea and love of one's country, and I was not even flattered that my *beaux yeux* had dulled the Count's sense of honour and rendered him a traitor to his cause. I did not hesitate to tell him so, and poor weak Montemolin could not understand why I was so mortified. I also naturally concluded that after so lightly renouncing his obligations to those who trusted him and who gave up their lives and fortunes for him I, too, might one day be as easily forgotten, and the prospect did not please me.

In April 1849, the great Cabrera threw up the task in disgust, escaped to France and afterwards to England, where he married a rich English wife who still lives, and he determined to fight for Carlism no more.

After this my misgivings were augumented by the annoyance I was subjected to by innumerable Carlist spies, who seemed to regard me as the Delilah who had ruined Carlism. My footsteps were dogged by them everywhere; if I walked or rode, I encountered desperate-looking Spaniards either in Grosvenor Street or hanging about the Row; if I went to the Opera, I saw dark faces glowering at me, and when I returned home from balls or parties I was sure to see a Spaniard waiting near our house.

My life became unendurable, and I told papa to inform the Count that I wished to break off my engagement. Papa therefore wrote him the following letter:

"8 Upper Grosvenor Street,

"*June 2nd*, 1849.

"Sir,—When you did me the honour of proposing marriage to my daughter, you will recollect I said that before it could be entertained it was absolutely necessary, in case my

daughter should consider the proposal favourably, that three points should be fully and clearly ascertained.

"First, that the marriage should be in every respect valid and legal by the laws of Spain.

"Secondly, that it could only take place with the full and entire consent and approbation of your own family.

"And thirdly, that there were the means of making suitable provision for my daughter and for any children she might have.

"Upon the first of these points there is no doubt whatever that by the laws of Spain the marriage would not be considered as valid.

"This being the case, there is hardly any occasion to enter on the other two.

"With every feeling therefore of respect, sir, and every assurance how much I feel the honour done me, I have but one course to take, which is most respectfully and decidedly upon my daughter's part, and by her desire, to decline the proposal you have made.

"With every wish for your future prosperity, I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"(Sgd.) SPENCER DE HORSEY."

The Count had no choice but to accept my decision, and one day Lord Stradbroke, Lord Combermere, and Don Francisco Merry came to interview me about my broken engagement. They brought with them a document, in which I definitely resigned all idea of marrying the Count de Montemolin, which they asked me to sign in their presence. I did so, and at the same time I gave them all my Royal admirer's love-letters, except those now published for the first time to prove the truth of what might otherwise be deemed a romantic fabrication.

So ended what I may term a very interesting episode. After I had signed the important document which is now deposited in the Royal Archives of Spain, the Count Montemolin passed completely out of my life; he married a Royal Princess in the early 'fifties, and in 1854

the miserable King Consort of Isabella, Francisco, entered into negotiations with Montemolin for a reconciliation, in order that the united family might overthrow the Liberal Ministry that then ruled Spain. This extraordinary intrigue of Isabella and her husband to overthrow their own government was based upon their abdication, the recognition of Montemolin as King, and the marriage of the son of the latter (if he had one) to the only child of the Queen, the Infanta Isabella, who still lives. The intrigue was delayed by the clever management of the old Queen Christina, Isabella's mother, and the rise of the Conservative party to power in 1856 made Isabella and her husband ess anxious for it; but still a close understanding was kept up, and Montemolin was for a time as powerful in Spain as the Queen herself. The strange conduct and bad morals of Isabella greatly strengthened Montemolin's party, and he soon began to think that he could get the throne on his own account without any understanding with the Queen and her husband. After long plotting with his adherents, and

gaining the support of several generals in command of troops, Montemolin determined to strike his blow in 1859. (Isabella had a son now which quite altered the position.) In April 1859, Montemolin and his brother Fernando, with some adherents, landed near Valencia, supported by an army of 3600 men under the Governor of Majorca, General Ortega. The affair missed fire, the troops had no love for Carlism and refused to follow. Ortega fled, was captured and shot, whilst Montemolin and his brother, after hiding for some days, were driven by hunger to surrender. Their lives were spared, but they were to swear to renounce for ever their claims to the throne. As soon as this was known, the other brother, Don Juan, who lived in London, issued a manifesto asserting his rights, and to some extent accepting Liberalism. Montemolin, as soon as he arrived at Trieste, where he lived, withdrew his renunciation and repudiated his brother's claims. This caused a split in the party that only ended with the death of Montemolin and his brother in the following year.

I remember Lord Cardigan telling me that their deaths were attributed to poison, but as fever was given out as being the cause, the real solution of the mystery will never be known.

CHAPTER VII

MY MARRIAGE

The Earl of Cardigan, a popular hero : A story of his father : Lord Cardigan's first marriage : Entertaining an agent unawares : Spiteful gossip : I leave home : Death of Lady Cardigan : On board the *Airedale* : England to the rescue ! : I am married at Gibraltar : We visit Madrid : A prolonged honeymoon : Mrs. Trelawney's too solid flesh : A passage of arms with Lady A. : Happy days at Deene : Lord Cardigan's last ride : His death : Lord Ernest Bruce's joy at his son's prospects : Still waiting !

Among those who came to our house at 8 Upper Grosvenor Street, the Earl of Cardigan was my father's particular friend, and in consequence we saw a great deal of him.

Lord Cardigan has sometimes been described as a favourite of fortune, for he possessed great wealth, great personal attractions, and he was

much liked by the late Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Commanding the 11th Hussars, he was the first person to welcome the Prince at Dover when he arrived to marry the Queen, and his regiment was afterwards known as Prince Albert's own Hussars.

His Lordship was a typical soldier, and after the Crimean War there was perhaps no more popular hero in all England. So much has been written about him that it is unnecessary for me to retail matters that are well known. I have often been asked whether he confided to me anything particular about the Charge of the Light Brigade, but the truth is that he never seemed to attach any importance to the part he played. Such matters are the property of the historian, and as his widow I am naturally his greatest admirer.

Lord Cardigan's father, the sixth Earl, was a splendid-looking man, and his seven daughters were lovely girls and great heiresses. They all married men of title, and each received a dowry of £100,000 on her wedding day.

When the old Earl was lying dangerously ill

The Earl of Cardigan leading the Charge of the Light Brigade.

at his house in Portman Square, he asked the doctor to tell him whether there was any chance of his recovery. "You are to tell me the truth," he insisted. The doctor was silent. "I see by your manner that you can hold out no hope," said the Earl; "well, death has no terrors for me—but tell me, how long have I to live?" There was a pause, and at last the doctor stammered, "Two or three days, your Lordship!"

The Earl sat up, and rang the bell placed on the table by his bedside. A servant answered the summons. "Order my carriage," said the dying man.

"Good gracious, my Lord!" exclaimed the terrified doctor, "your Lordship cannot realise what you have said."

"I do realise it," the Earl calmly answered, "but if I am going to die, I will die at Deene and not here." Remonstrance was useless: Lord Cardigan was carried to his carriage and taken to Deene, where he died a few days afterwards.

His son, my husband, succeeded to a rich

inheritance, and he rivalled his father in appearance, for he was a singularly handsome man, fair and tall, with a fine figure and most fascinating manner. Women courted him and men flattered him.

As quite a young man he fell in love with the wife of Colonel Johnson, who divorced her on his account. She was the daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Tollemache Halliday, and she was a beautiful woman. During the two years that elapsed before the decree was made absolute, Lord Cardigan found she possessed an ungovernable temper, but, nevertheless, he chivalrously married her, and she became Countess of Cardigan in 1826.

Their union was an unhappy one, and each went their way, but her final intrigue with Lord Colville led to a definite separation in 1846.

For twelve years Cardigan remained a grass widower, consoled by many fair friends, and bills no doubt being as numerous then as they are now, certain ladies were always ready to stop at Deene without their husbands.

I knew Lady Cardigan quite well, and on my first visit to Deene with my mother in 1842 she was very kind, and gave me some beautiful Northamptonshire lace, which I still possess.

There is a not unamusing story told about her and a certain Mrs. Browne, well known in Society. Mrs. Browne had fallen desperately in love with Lord Cardigan, and although she did not know him she sent him quantities of *billets doux* begging for an interview. Lady Cardigan accidentally got hold of one of these letters, and she determined to play a trick on the love-sick lady. Mr. Baldwin, a very handsome man, was Cardigan's agent at the time, and Lady Cardigan persuaded him to personate her husband, and keep a bogus appointment she had made with Mrs. Browne.

The unsuspecting lady received a note purporting to come from Cardigan, saying he would visit her on a certain evening. He further stipulated that as he was so well known he did not wish to see any of Mrs. Browne's servants, and that she must receive him in the

dark! Any one but an infatuated woman would have queried the genuineness of the letter, but Mrs. Browne did not, and when Mr. Baldwin arrived, he was duly received in darkness as black as Erebus. He and Mrs. Browne were mutually well pleased with the result of their meeting, and under cover of the darkness of the small hours of a winter's morning they said good-bye. It was not until long afterwards that Mrs. Browne found out that she had entertained an agent unawares, and no doubt she hated Lady Cardigan for the unkind deception of which she had been the victim.

As I have previously stated, I used to see a great deal of Lord Cardigan at my father's house, but he treated me quite like a *jeune fille*, although I was always asked to the great parties he gave during the Season. In January 1857 I went with my father to Deene, and this visit was destined to change the whole of my life.

We arrived late in the afternoon to find ourselves the additions of a great house-party, and I can picture Lord Cardigan as I saw him

then, surrounded by the Duchess of Montrose, Lady Villiers and Mrs. Dudley Ward, who all regarded me with none too friendly eyes. Cardigan told me afterwards that, when I entered the room, he realised at once I was the one woman in the world for him. He was an impulsive character, and he lost no time in letting me see the impression I had made, and I was flattered and delighted to feel that I was loved by him.

After we left Deene, Lord Cardigan followed us to London, and needless to say his marked attentions to me soon became the topic of much spiteful and jealous gossip. Those Early Victorian days were exceptionally conventional, and the Court was still as narrow-minded as when poor Lady Flora Hastings had been the victim of its lying slander.

If Lord Cardigan and I had met in 1909 instead of in 1857 no particular comment would have been made on our friendship, but in 1857 Society was scandalised because I had the courage to ride and drive with a married man who had an unfaithful wife.

There was another and a stronger reason for the wagging tongues of slander, for they were prompted by jealousy. Lady Cardigan was then very ill, and every one knew that her death was only a question of a year or two. Once free, Lord Cardigan would be a prize well worth winning by match-making matrons with marriageable daughters, and his openly avowed affection for me had put an end to these hopes. I was not in the least disturbed by the incessant gossip, but my father and my brothers were much worried and annoyed at the reports which were circulated, and although Lady Georgina Codrington wrote to my father and begged him not to make a fuss about things, he suddenly became very angry and declared he would leave London for good and take me with him.

A most distressing scene followed. I said that, as there was no evil in my friendship with Lord Cardigan, I refused to give up his acquaintance, or to be taken into the country against my will, and I steadily defied my father and brothers to make me alter my decision.

Family quarrels are, perhaps, the most rankling of any, for they are generally retaliative, and much is said that is never forgotten or quite forgiven; ours was no exception, and the result of it was that I decided to leave home. With me, to think has always been to act, so I ordered my horse "Don Juan" to be brought round, and I rode away to liberty.

My own income rendered me perfectly independent; I put up at a quiet hotel in Hyde Park Square, and looked about for a furnished house. I did not go into exile alone, for my father's valet, Mathews, came with me, and his fidelity was well rewarded when he entered Lord Cardigan's service after our marriage.

I was lucky enough to find a charming little furnished house in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, and I installed myself there with Mathews and three other servants. It was a quiet household, and although at first things seemed strange to me, I was very happy. I rode with Cardigan every day in the Park, regardless of the averted glances of those who had once called themselves my friends. I often wonder why

friendship is so apostrophised, for real friends in trouble are practically non-existent, especially at the moment they are most needed. The ideal friend, whose aim in life should be to forget "base self," as the poets say, is as extinct as the Dodo, and those who talk most about friendship are usually the first to forget what is the true meaning of the word.

On the morning of July 12, 1858, I was awakened by a loud knocking at the front door. I looked at my watch, and saw that it was not seven o'clock; I was, needless to say, very alarmed, as I wondered whether anything had happened to my father or my brothers. The knocking continued—I heard the bolts drawn, the door opened, and a voice I knew well called impatiently for me. It was Lord Cardigan! I had just time to slip on a dressing-gown before he came into my room, *sans cérémonie*, and taking me in his arms he said, "My dearest, she's dead . . . let's get married at once." Then I knew that the trying period of our probation was over, and that we were free to be happy together at last.

When Cardigan grew calmer he told me he had just come from his wife's death-bed. The poor lady had urged him to marry me, saying she knew that I should make him happy. She had also warned him against Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, the extent of whose love affairs, it appears, was only known to Lady Cardigan, who told his Lordship the unvarnished truth about them.

As I did not wish to insult the memory of the dead woman, who had shown me so many kindnesses, I refused to marry Cardigan until some time had elapsed. He went to Ireland in his official capacity of Inspector of Cavalry, and I lived on quietly at Norfolk Street till September, when I left London for Cowes. I then went on board Lord Cardigan's yacht the *Airedale*, where he and a party of friends were awaiting me, and we sailed for Gibraltar.

Nothing particular occurred *en route;* we were all in the best of spirits, and I felt as though I were the Princess in some delightful fairy-tale. The day after we arrived at

Gibraltar there was a terrible storm, almost tropical in its violence. Roofs were torn off houses and whirled, light as dead leaves, through the air, great trees were uprooted, heavy masonry fell everywhere, and the ships tossed about like cockle-shells in the harbour. It was almost a scene from the *Inferno*, and our horror was intensified when we saw the signals from a French vessel in distress. Nobody seemed inclined to put out, so I begged Lord Cardigan to send the *Airedale* to try and save the crew. He assented, and through this timely aid from our yacht fourteen men were rescued, and we also took a French poodle off a raft to which he was clinging, his owner doubtless having been drowned.

On September 28, 1858, my marriage took place at the Military Chapel, Gibraltar, and I was the first Countess of Cardigan to be married on foreign soil. I wore a white silk gown draped with a blue scarf, and a large hat adorned with many feathers; Lord Cardigan's friends, Stuart Paget, Mrs. Paget and the Misses

Paget, were present, and we gave a ball on the yacht in the evening. We spent a very gay week at Gibraltar, and then left for Cadiz, touching at Malaga and Alicante; then we took rail to Madrid, where we arrived on October 16 in time to witness a review of 30,000 troops on Queen Isabella's birthday. After a short stay at Madrid we rejoined the *Airedale* at Barcelona, and went 500 miles by sea to Leghorn. We experienced bad weather and many storms, and every one on board was ill except myself. The cook was a great sufferer, and his absence was naturally felt by those who were able to look at food without aversion.

From Leghorn we went to Elba, when I saw the place Napoleon embarked from after the "hundred days." We left the *Airedale* at Cività Vecchia and started for Rome in our travelling-carriage with six horses, escorted by some of the Papal Guard sent by the Pope to protect us. I met many of my friends in the Eternal City; I saw everything worth seeing during my delightful sojourn there, and before we left Lord Cardigan and I were blessed by

the Pope at an audience we had with his Holiness. As I wished to go to Genoa by sea, we returned to Cività Vecchia and set out in the yacht for Genoa, where we landed ; we went from there to Turin, and on by rail by the Mont Cenis route to Paris.

Paris was then a city of delight, revelling in the palmy days of the Second Empire, and I greatly enjoyed my visit there. One night I went to the Opera with Cardigan and we saw Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trelawney in a box. Mrs. Trelawney was the famous Miss Howard, once the English mistress of Louis Napoleon, who paid her £250,000 when he renounced her to marry Eugénie de Montijo. Mrs. Trelawney annoyed the Emperor and Empress as much as she dared by sitting opposite the Royal box at the Opera, and driving almost immediately behind the Empress's carriage in the Bois de Boulogne. She was a very fat woman, and her *embonpoint* increased to such an extent that the doors of her carriage had to be enlarged to allow her to get in and out with comfort.

Clarence Trelawney was a friend of mine, and the poor fellow came to a sad end. After his wife's death he married an American lady, but unfortunately he got into debt. He appealed to his relations, who were very wealthy but apparently equally mean, for they refused to lend him the £400 he asked for, and driven desperate by worry he blew out his brains.

From Paris we came to London and stayed at Lord Cardigan's town-house in Portman Square; then we went to Deene on December 14, where we met with a royal reception, six hundred tenants on horseback escorting our carriage from the station to the house.

In January 1859, I went to the House of Lords to hear the debate from the Peeresses Gallery. I was sitting near the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary, when Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, made her appearance. I had not met her since my marriage, but I could see by her look that for some reasons of her own she meant to cut me, so I thought I would carry the war into the enemy's camp,

nd just as she was about to pass me, I said, "Oh, Lady Ailesbury, you may like to know that before Lady Cardigan died she told my Lord all about you and your illegitimate children!"

Lady A. looked nervously round and said in an agitated whisper, "Hush, hush, my dear, I'm coming to lunch with you to-morrow." She never asked me what Lady Cardigan had particularly said, but from that day we were outwardly the best of friends.

On my return to England as Countess of Cardigan, I need hardly say that every one was very anxious to be on good terms with me, and my own family were the first to make peaceful overtures. I had no wish to keep up the quarrel. As my marriage plainly showed how right I was in trusting Cardigan, and the motives of our much-discussed friendship were now openly vindicated, I let bygones be bygones, and we were all good friends again.

I was ideally happy, and I do not believe any one could be a more devoted husband than Lord Cardigan was. There seemed no dis-

The Countess of Cardigan
about the time of her first marriage.

parity in our ages, for he was full of the joy of life and entered into everything with the zest of a young man, and he appeared to have quite forgotten his unhappy life with his first wife.

Our marriage was a veritable romance; we enjoyed all the good things life could give us, but in his own happiness Cardigan never failed to extend a helping hand to the less fortunate, and among our tenantry the name of the Earl of Cardigan is even now a synonym for all that is generous and kind.

We entertained a great deal both at Deene and Portman Square, and for the first three years of our married life Lord Cardigan never allowed any one but himself to take me in to dinner. I had to persuade him at last to give up this very flattering habit, and so he did not monopolise me quite so much in future.

At Deene I was always with my husband. Lord Cardigan did not care much for the books, music and painting which appealed so strongly to my temperament; he only cared for walking, driving and riding, and

naturally I put my own hobbies aside and entered into all his favourite pursuits. We constantly rode together. I had beautiful horses, and my husband delighted in praising my "graceful carriage" and my "fine horsemanship," which was much talked about in hunting circles.

When Lord Cardigan transacted any business matters connected with his great estates, he always insisted on my being in the room and listening to all the details. "You will have to do this by yourself one day," he would say to me.

Alas! after only ten years of happiness the time came when I was to lose my dear husband. He had had a bad fall in the hunting-field in 1862, which resulted in the formation of a clot of blood in his brain, and consequently he suffered at times from a kind of seizure. He gave strict orders that I was never to be told when one occurred, and, oddly enough, I never saw him taken ill in this way.

One fine March morning he told me that he

was going to ride and see a gamekeeper who had accidentally shot himself.

He asked me and Sir Henry Edwards to accompany him, but when we reached the keeper's cottage he told us to return to Deene, saying that as he intended to sit an hour with the man he would come on later. We declared our willingness to wait, but Cardigan would not hear of it, and so we somewhat reluctantly rode home without him.

The luncheon hour arrived, but Lord Cardigan did not come; the afternoon dragged on, and still there were no signs of him. I had a horrible presentment that something must have happened, and at once ordered some of the servants to go in search of his Lordship.

My fears were only too well grounded; my husband was found lying insensible on the roadside, nearly lifeless. A roadmender told us afterwards that Lord Cardigan had passed him and spoken a few words and seemed apparently quite well; the horse he was riding shied at a heap of stones and commenced to rear and

plunge rather wildly, but my husband kept the animal well under control, for the roadmender saw him ride quietly away. The effort must, however, have afterwards brought on a seizure, for Cardigan fell from his horse, and lay helpless until he was found and brought back to Deene.

For three dreadful days and nights he lay quite unconscious, gasping for breath, and the knowledge that he could not speak to me and did not recognise me intensified my grief a thousandfold. But mercifully his suffering was not prolonged, and on March 28, 1868, my beloved husband passed away.

There are some griefs that are too deep to speak of, even after Time's soothing touch has taken away the first deadly pain of a great sorrow. When I look back and remember the kindness and love which my husband lavished on me, I feel proud to think he often said that the happiest period of his life was after he married me, and that his great possessions and military fame were as nothing compared to the wife he adored.

Lord Cardigan's body lay in state in the ballroom at Deene for twelve days, during which time six thousand people came to look their last at the remains of the leader of the Charge of the Light Brigade. On April 9 he was buried in Deene Church; the whole regiment of the 11th Hussars attended the funeral, and he was carried to his last resting-place by eight of his old officers.

When the will was read, it was found that he had left everything to me.

The estates were heavily mortgaged, and since Cardigan's death I have paid off £365,000 of the mortgages, which by the terms of the will was not compulsory for me to do. I have also spent £200,000 on the estate, and the many modern improvements now at Deene (which in past years was more gorgeous than comfortable) are entirely due to me.

After the will had been read, Lord Ernest Bruce and my brother, Colonel de Horsey, went for a stroll in the park. They were discussing the contents of the will, and Lord Ernest said cheerfully, "Well, it's a good thing

for Robert, as Lady Cardigan won't last long "Look here, my Lord," replied my brother in an icy tone, "you seem to forget you are talking about my sister."

I looked delicate in those days, and my death *would* have been "a good thing for Robert," but forty years have passed, and he is still waiting for his inheritance!

CHAPTER VIII

WIDOWHOOD

[Sad days after Lord Cardigan's death : I go to London : His Lordship's double : Count Lindemann : I refuse to marry him : The reason why : My friendship with the King : His Majesty a born artist : Lord Ernest Bruce : Robert's little joke : Bad weather at sea : The Captain and the parson : House-parties at Deene : Lady Aubrey

After Lord Cardigan's death I remained quietly at Deene for some months. I felt quite overwhelmed by my loss, for as I had known his Lordship nearly all my life I mourned for a dear friend as well as for a beloved husband. My two friends, Miss Hill and Miss Hunt, stayed with me a great deal, but I sank into such a state of apathy and depression that they became alarmed, and begged me to go up to town and see what result change of scene

and society would have on my shattered nerves.

I was very loth to leave the country, but I yielded to their entreaties, and went to London, where I saw a few of my intimate friends, and I gradually began to take an interest in life once more.

One evening my sister-in-law, Mrs. de Horsey, persuaded me to go to the Gaiety Theatre with her and Lord Robert Bruce. I was idly scanning the stalls when my attention was riveted by the sight of a gentleman sitting near some members of the Austrian Embassy.

Impossible though it may seem, it is nevertheless true that this stranger was the living image of my late husband. He had Cardigan's features, his carriage, his colouring, and the likeness was so painfully real that I was naturally greatly agitated.

"Robert," I said, pointing the stranger out to him, "do you see that gentleman in the stalls; he's Cardigan's double. I feel I must make his acquaintance, I must know who he

is ; do try and ascertain for me, and if possible present him to me?"

Lord Robert doubtless thought me very unconventional, but I did not care, my one desire was to speak to the person who was so like my husband, and I was delighted when Robert returned and told me that the gentleman was Count Lindemann, a Franco-Bavarian nobleman, and that he could introduce him to me through a mutual acquaintance at the Embassy.

Count Lindemann and I became great friends, but the friendship on his part changed into love, and he begged me to marry him. I refused, partly on account of a fortune-teller having told me that I should marry twice, and that my second husband would die before me.

"I like you so much as a friend," I told him, "that I could not possibly be happy if marriage meant losing you." The Count was a fine steeplechaser, and he was constantly at Deene. After some years his mother, who was in bad health, begged him to return to Bavaria and take charge of her estates. Lindemann did

not wish to leave England, but as his mother threatened to leave her money and property to the Church if he did not, he eventually complied with her wishes.

As I was always fond of yachting I went for long cruises, usually accompanied by dear Maria Hill. We visited Trouville and Deauville, and in 1871, when I was at Trouville, the King, then Prince of Wales, came to tea with me on board the *Sea Horse*.

His Majesty honoured me with constant visits to my houses in town, Newmarket, and Cowes for many years, and I cannot write too enthusiastically about the pleasure I experienced from his agreeable visits and his kind friendship.

The King was a delightful companion, and he was most appreciative of my efforts to entertain him. We often discussed Art together, and those who say that a taste for High Art can only be acquired are quite wrong, for the King is a born artist.

I remember a very amusing incident which happened on one of the many cruises of the

Sea Horse, when I had invited a small party, including Miss Hill, Robert Bruce, Count Lindemann and the Vicar of Deene, my dear old friend the late Mr. Sylvester.

Lord Ernest Bruce came to see us safely on board, for leave-takings were the joy of his life. He always loved to speed the parting guest, and invariably went through the same ceremony whenever he said good-bye. This consisted of kissing everybody with much solemnity, and then with a great show of generosity he would present the porter with sixpence!

Robert Bruce was an amusing person in those days, and when old Lord Ernest was preparing to say good-bye to us, he called out: "Now, father, kiss the porter and give *me* the sixpence!" greatly to Lord Ernest's annoyance.

It was about half-past ten at night when we left Cowes, and about 3 A.M., when we were outside the island, the weather became dreadful. I could not sleep, and I suddenly heard a loud knocking at my cabin door. "Who's

there?" I called. "Come in." The door slowly opened and the head and shoulders of the *Sea Horse's* captain appeared. "Whatever *is* the matter, Captain Smart?" said I, noticing that his usually jolly red face wore a very cross and worried expression. "Well, my Lady," he grumbled, "you can see we're in for rough weather; it's all along o' that 'ere parson on board, and we sha'n't be better off till he's left us."

"Nonsense!" I told him, "we can't put back to Cowes and ask Mr. Sylvester to give up the cruise. I won't hear another word"; so Smart withdrew in a very bad temper.

The weather did not improve, and when I told the *padre* about Captain Smart's nocturnal visit he very good-naturedly refused to be the Jonah any longer; so we returned to Cowes, where we left him at Rose Cottage, and continued our cruise, and curiously enough we had lovely weather all the time. Whenever I encountered Captain Smart afterwards he wore an air of subdued triumph, and the gleam in his eye might have meant "I told you so!"

I spent much of my time at Deene after I had begun to recover from the shock of Lord Cardigan's death. He had always expressed a wish that if he predeceased me I should still keep up the traditional hospitality of the house, so I commenced to entertain large house-parties.

One evening I gave a dinner-party to which I had invited some very dull neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. H——. Aubrey Coventry was staying at Deene, and he suggested playing a joke on Mr. H., a very pompous, snobbish person, who "dearly loved a Lord." Aubrey accordingly dressed himself up as a woman. He was laced into the cook's stays, and my sister-in-law lent him one of her exquisite tea-gowns. He wore an effective wig, and I must say he made a very striking-looking woman. He was introduced to the H.s as Lady Aubrey Coventry, and sat between Mr. H. and John Vivian at dinner. Mr. H. talked a great deal to "Lady Aubrey," who told me afterwards that out of sheer mischief he kept treading on Mr. H.'s foot all through dinner, and he wickedly

enjoyed watching the growing embarrassment on that gentleman's face!

When the ladies retired, Mrs. H. pounced on "Lady Aubrey," and began to get so confidential that poor Aubrey was quite confused, and pleading sudden indisposition he went to his room. A few hours afterwards, clothed in his own garments, he was dancing at the ball which took place later in the evening, and I believe the H.s remained in happy ignorance of "Lady Aubrey's" real identity.

Deene Park, Wansford, Northamptonshire.

CHAPTER IX

DEENE AND ITS HISTORY

A home of the past : The Abbots' hunting-box : The Great Hall : The Brudenells as landowners : An old cavalier : Imprisonment in the Tower : The first Earl of Cardigan : "Wanton Shrewsbury" : Successive owners of Deene : Secret hiding-places : "The King's Room" : Family portraits : The ball-room : The Balaclava relics : I restore Deene Church : Lord Cardigan's tomb : The entrance-hall at Apethorpe : The ghost : What did the bones mean?

ONE of my friends has often said that to visit Deene is to step back into the past, for the place bears upon it no impression of modernity, and even the additions made to the house are thoroughly in character with the older parts.

Deene is first mentioned in the Domesday Book, when the surveyors noted the wood of a

mile long belonging to it which joined Rockingham Forest. It was the property of the Abbey of Westminster, and was used as a hunting-box by the Abbots. It was called the Grange, and "the monks' well" is still to be seen in the park. A most interesting feature of the house is the Great Hall, 50 feet long and 50 feet high, which is a duplicate in miniature of Westminster Hall, and the carved chestnut roof, the wood of which is impervious to the ravages of insects, has never had an accident since it was first erected in 1086.

The Brudenells have been landowners in Northamptonshire since the time of Henry III., and in 1518 Sir Robert Brudenell, a Justice of the King's Bench, bought Deene from William Litton. Robert Brundenell made a large fortune, and his wife, Margaret Entwyssel, became heiress to her brother's estates of Staunton Wyvile, which naturally added to the wealth of the family. In 1520 Sir Robert settled Deene on his eldest son, Thomas, and eleven years later he died and was buried in the transept of Deene Church.

Sir Thomas, who was a hospitable and generous man, died in 1549, and Deene passed to his son Edmund, who married Agnes Bussey, a member of the great Lincolnshire family. Sir Edmund Brudenell carried out extensive building operations at Deene, and the numerous initials of E. and A. and the many shields with the Brudenell and Bussey arms show that he considered his alliance with their family an important one. Camden mentions that Sir Edmund had literary and antiquarian tastes, which were also possessed by his nephew Thomas, who succeeded to the estates in 1606. He also built largely, but the great Tower was not finished until about 1628. Sir Thomas was a staunch cavalier, who raised soldiers for the King's garrisons, and he was made a Baron by Charles I. After the Royal cause was lost he suffered the penalty of his loyalty and was imprisoned in the Tower for twenty years. The brave old cavalier kept a most interesting diary during his imprisonment, which is still preserved in the library at Deene; it consists of about 30 or 40 volumes of MS., which give

interesting details of his confinement and the principal events of the time.

In 1661, Charles II. rewarded his father's faithful adherent by creating him Earl of Cardigan on April 22, but the old man did not live long to enjoy his new honours, for he died at Deene in 1663, aged eighty.

The second Earl became a Roman Catholic, and spent most of his long life of 102 years at Deene. His daughter, Lady Anne Brudenell, was one of the most lovely of the beauties associated with the Court of Charles II. She married the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the story is well known of how she, dressed as a page, held the Duke of Buckingham's horse whilst he fought with and slew her husband.

Allan Fea, in his interesting book, "Nooks and Corners of Old England," describes how, "some time before the poor little plain Duchess (of Buckingham) suspected that she had a formidable rival in the beautiful Countess, she was returning from a visit to Deene to her house at Stamford, where her reckless husband found it convenient to hide himself, as a warrant

Queen Henrietta Maria.
From a picture by Vandyke, at Deene.

for high treason was out against him, when she noticed a suspicious little cavalcade travelling in the same direction. Ordering the horses to be whipped up, she arrived in time to give the alarm. The Duke had just then set out for Burleigh House with some ladies in his company, and the serjeant actually saw the Duke alight and lead a lady into the house, but he and his soldiers were not in time to force an entrance, and so the Duke escaped!"

The wicked Countess and her lover lived at Clieveden—"the bower of wanton Shrewsbury and of love"—and her spirit is supposed to haunt the beautiful riverside retreat, but I am thankful to say she has never appeared in the old home of her innocent girlhood. Her portrait by Sir Peter Lely hangs in the White Hall at Deene, and is a fine example of the artist's well-known very *décolleté* style of "robes loosely flowing, hair as free," with the usual *mise en scène* of a beauty of Charles II.'s time. The third Earl of Cardigan was Master of the Buckhounds to Queen Anne; he married a daughter of the Earl of Ailesbury, and their

fourth son inherited the Ailesbury title and estates. Lord Cardigan's eldest son married the heiress of the Duke of Montagu in 1766. He was a friend of Horace Walpole, the influence of whose pseudo-Gothic tastes may still be seen in the south front of Deene, built at this time, and which now incorporates the great ball-room built for me by my dear husband.

The fourth Earl was succeeded by his brother John, whose nephew, the sixth Earl, was the father of my husband, James Thomas Brudenell, seventh Earl of Cardigan.

There are many features of interest in the old house. In the Great Hall there is a blocked-up entrance to an underground passage through which despatches were carried in the Civil War; and there is a hiding-place large enough to hold twenty people. Henry VII. slept at Deene, when as Earl of Richmond he rode to Bosworth Field; the room is known as "The King's Room," and the Royal arms are sculptured over the fireplace. The Tapestry Room has a fine ceiling, and is the room

Louise de Keroualle, and her son the Duke of Richmond.

From a picture by Lely, at Deene.

always reserved for Royal guests, the last visitors who occupied it being the sons of the Infanta Eulalia, Don Alphonso and his brother, who stayed at Deene in 1907. They both thoroughly enjoyed the shooting, and used to telegraph the bags to King Alfonso, who wired that he was not having anything like such good sport!

I believe my husband replaced a great deal of the original furniture at Deene with more modern examples, but many valuable old pieces still remain. The pictures are very beautiful, including a priceless Vandyke representing Queen Henrietta Maria, in the happy days of her early married life, as a regal, gracious figure arrayed in shimmering satin. There is a lovely portrait of Louise de Kéroualle and her son, the Duke of Richmond, who married a Brudenell, and there are many examples of Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists. One painting by Sant represents the Prince Consort and the Royal children listening to the account of the Charge of the Light Brigade by Lord Cardigan,

and there are also some interesting pictures of hunting-field incidents, depicting Cardigan and his friends on their favourite mounts.

The house has been very judiciously added to, each architect retaining the *motif* of the old house, so it has not a patched appearance. My husband's father built the dining-room, and in 1861 Lord Cardigan added the ball-room, especially to please me. It is 70 feet long and 40 feet high; and I designed the heraldic stained-glass windows which represent the family's forbears of Royal descent. The windows were executed by Lavers and Burrow, but my aid as an artist reduced their account by £200! There is a magnificient marble fire-place in the ball-room, which has an oak floor and a musician's gallery.

The White Hall is full of Balaclava relics, including my husband's uniforms, and the head of "Ronald," the horse he rode when he led the Charge of the Light Brigade. I gave one of "Ronald's" hoofs, mounted as an inkstand, to the King, who expressed a great wish to have it as a souvenir. The illuminated addresses

The White Hall, Deene Park.

received by Lord Cardigan are in the Great Hall, and some of them are really works of art.

After my husband's death I decided to have the parish church of St. Peter restored, and an altar tomb erected to his memory. The church adjoins the park, and was originally a quaint Early English structure of which little now remains.

The restoration cost me £7000, and I built the Brudenell Chapel, which contains my husband's beautiful tomb by Boehm. His recumbent figure is full of dignity and I had my own marble effigy placed by his side. At each end of the tomb are bas-reliefs representing the Charge and the address to the troops, and at the sides are many armorial bearings. The late Mr. G. Bodley, R.A., was responsible for the restoration and redecoration of the church, which was finished in 1869. On the occasion of the inauguration of the church, the Bishop of Peterborough preached, and I afterwards entertained 300 people at a banquet in the ball-room. During the afternoon "Ronald" (who

lived for some years after) was led about the grounds, and many of those who saw him sighed as they thought of his gallant master, now sleeping "far from the stress of war's alarms."

Lord Cardigan hated the idea of being put underground, so his coffin was placed immediately under his effigy inside the tomb and not in a vault. He had always intended to have a monument erected during his lifetime in the Rectory grounds, and actually had some stone brought from his Stanion quarries for this purpose. One day Lord Westmorland called, and noticing the quantity of stone, asked what it was to be used for. Cardigan told him. "Nonsense," said Lord Westmorland, "give the stone to me instead. I want to make an entrance-hall at Apethorpe, and it will be the very thing!" My husband very good-naturedly gave him the Stanion stone, and the low entrance-hall at Apethorpe was built of it.

The late Queen Victoria greatly admired the design for the monument, and I was told on

good authority that she even had her own figure modelled in her lifetime for her memorial tomb but that when search was made after her death the figure had disappeared and nobody knew what had become of it.

Deene lies like some rare jewel in a setting of peaceful lake and well-timbered parkland; its own peculiar charm would be gone for ever if it relied on blazing flower-beds and obtrusive gardening triumphs to make it attractive.

Behind the bowling-green are the kitchen gardens, where the fruit ripens on the mellowed walls, and in spring and summer, masses of old-fashioned flowers make vivid splashes of fragrant colour everywhere. The stables and the riding-school, which I built, are close to the house, and I have a most interesting collection of ancient carriages, many of them over a hundred years old and unique specimens of the coach-builder's art.

Naturally Deene has a ghost. The story goes that when it was a Religious House, monks and nuns lived there together, an arrangement

that was naturally rather dangerous to the morals of the community. A young nun is said to have loved and been loved in return by one of the monks ; they both met with a tragic end, and her spirit appears at times in the Great Hall as a young and lovely woman dressed in the white robes of her Order. A curious discovery was made when the house was drained that perhaps is a silent record of dark doings in monkish days. Quantities of young children's bones were found under the floorings, and I often wonder whether the horrible practices of Gilles de Retz ever took place at Deene long ago, or if the tiny bones were those of unwanted and unwelcome babies at the Religious House!

My friend, Walter Seymour, wrote the following verses, which I set to music, about the phantom nun :

"Was it a Phantom passed that night
Around the stately halls of Deene,
In garb a nun with eyes too bright—
For nuns' eyes flash not that sheen

The Tomb of the Earl of Cardigan,
In the Brudenell Chapel of St. Peter's, Deene.

What memories of the past were there,
Why haunted she the scene
Where revelled all the brave and fair,
Where she reigned fairy queen ;
That dainty form with airy tread
And royal yet winsome mien,
Haunts me in my lonely bed
With dreams of what might have been :
Those dreams more sweet than garish day
Can give to waking eyes,
Forms so soft and arms so white
Are alone the dreamer's pride.
If life be dull and only in Dreams
I can taste of what might have been,
Let me dream and see the gleam
Of the stately halls of Deene
And the Phantom Nun I've seen."

For fifty years I have been *châtelaine* at Deene. There is no place I love so much. I saw it first as a mere child and even then it seemed to welcome me. It was the home of my married life ; and I am never lonely there. Memory opens wide her gates, and from them issue the beloved dead who loved Deene. Husband, relatives, and friends sur-

round me again, and the dream is so real that I am always happy with my dear ones who people it. The peace of the old house envelops and soothes me, and I always hope that when the time comes for me to lie by my husband's side, my spirit will be sometimes allowed to revisit the place that has always been "sweet home" to me.

CHAPTER X

NEWMARKET AND MELTON

My first visit to Newmarket : Then and now : Death of Henry Blackwood : Wife and mistress : Admiral Rous : An appreciation of him : Mrs. Rous : Caroline, Duchess of Montrose : Her unpopularity on the course : "Corrie Roy" and "Carrie Red" : "Auntie Craw" : George Bruce—"duffer" in name only : Lady Grey de Wilton : The Empress Elizabeth of Austria : Sunday jumps : A meet at Belvoir in 1873 : I discuss Disraeli's proposal of marriage with his Majesty : The ill odour of politics

I MADE my first acquaintance with Newmarket when I was ten years old. I went there with my dear mother, and we stayed at the Rutland Arms Hotel, and I remember being very much interested at seeing handsome old Sir Henry Mildmay lifted on his horse to ride to the course. People always rode or drove there, and there was only one stand, which was

reserved for members of the Jockey Club and their friends.

After my marriage Lord Cardigan and I always went to the different meetings, and generally met all our friends ; among others, Lord and Lady Westmorland, Lord and Lady Hastings, the Duchess of Beaufort, Willie Craven, George Bruce, and Prince Batthyany. Newmarket was quite a charming rendezvous of society then, so different from the mixed crowd that goes there nowadays, and it could be easily re-christened "Jewmarket," for the Chosen are everywhere.

Poor Henry Blackwood, the highwayman of Cassiobury, met his death when he was riding to the course with Lord Cardigan and myself. A rope had been stretched across the road for some reason or other, and Henry Blackwood, who never saw it, rode right into it and was pitched off his horse. He was picked up insensible and carried back to Newmarket. He lingered in an unconscious state for three days and then died. It was a curious coinci-

dence that Lord Cardigan was to die in almost exactly the same way through a fall from his horse, and that he also was to lie in a stupor for three days.

Lady Amelia Blackwood was with her husband until he died, but another lady whom he had dearly loved would not be denied admittance to the death-chamber. Lady Amelia did not object, so the dying man's mistress and his wife waited for the end together—truly a strange situation!

My uncle, Admiral Rous, was a great personage at Newmarket, and I cannot describe him better than by quoting what has been written by a well-known sporting judge.

"There was the old Admiral himself, the King of Sportsmen and good fellows. Horse or man-o'-war, it was all one to him; and although sport may not be regarded as of the same importance with politics, who knows which has the more beneficial effect on mankind? I would have backed Admiral Rous to save us from war, and if we drifted into it, to

save us from the enemy against any men in the world."

Mrs. Rous was very dictatorial, and I remember one day after her death calling to inquire how my uncle was. "Indeed, my Lady," said the servant, "I may say the Admiral is a deal better since Mrs. Rous's death." I believe the same answer was given to all callers, and how angry my aunt would have been could she have heard it!

After I became a widow I often stayed with my uncle, and later on I bought the house associated with so many pleasant memories of the dear Admiral.

Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, was a very well-known figure at Newmarket, but she was highly unpopular, and was once mobbed on the course for having Mr. Crawfurd's horse pulled as there was not enough money on it! She was very much in love with Mr. Crawfurd, whom she afterwards married.

Crawfurd owned a horse called "Corrie Roy," and as the Duchess was nicknamed "Carrie Red," these names were the subject of some

amusing doggerel written by Lord Winchilsea.

"Corrie Roy and Carry Red
One for the course, the other for bed,
Is not Craw a lucky boy,
To have Carry Red and Corrie Roy?"

George Bruce, the Duchess's nephew, was a source of great annoyance to her. "Hullo, Auntie Craw!" he used to call out when he saw her on the course. George was known as "The Duffer," but duffer or no, he could say spiteful things which were very much to the point. He always warned me to be very careful of his mother, Lady Ernest Bruce, whom he generally referred to as "Bellona, the goddess of war and discord." They were always quarrelling, and he disliked her intensely.

George Bruce married Lady Evelyn Craven. He afterwards went to Corsica for his health, and he died at Ajaccio in 1868. He was strikingly like Napoleon Bonaparte, and wherever he went in the island the people idolised him on account of his resemblance to the great Emperor.

Deene is in the midst of the best hunting country, so I hunted for thirty years with the Quorn, the Belvoir, the Pytchley, the Cottesmore, the Fitzwilliams, and the Woodland.

I was particularly proud of my mounts, and always rode splendid horses.

Lady Grey de Wilton was one of the most graceful riders I have ever seen, and I do not believe her equal now exists in the hunting-field! She, and her favourite horse "Shannon," took all the fences in a way that compelled every one's admiration, and it was a positive delight to watch her. She was a lovely woman, and her second husband, Mr. Arthur Prior, was sometimes jokingly called "The Prior of Orders Grey."

I used often to meet Louise, Duchess of Devonshire (then Duchess of Manchester) in the country. At that time she was in the freshness of her somewhat opulent German beauty, but we were never intimate, and have always disliked each other.

The beautiful and unfortunate Empress Elizabeth of Austria rented Cottesbroke from

my cousins the Langhams, and her exploits in the hunting-field are well known. Bay Middleton was always staying at Cottesbroke, and used generally to give the Empress a "lead."

The Empress found Sunday rather a dull day at Cottesbroke, so she had jumps made all round the park, and at 6 o'clock every Sunday morning she and Bay Middleton used to ride together, and taking the jumps became her unvarying Sunday amusement.

Her biographers have not flattered her when they describe her as being singularly handsome, for she was indeed a queenly figure, and I think her only personal defects were her hands and feet, which were large and ungainly. It is said that when Elizabeth first met the Empress Eugénie she was very jealous of her tiny extremities, for Eugénie's hands and feet were exceptionally small.

My hunting recollections would not be complete without including among them the occasion in '73 when I went to a meet at Belvoir, and met his Majesty King Edward VII., then

Prince of Wales, who was staying at the Castle. I was riding my famous horse "Dandy," who won the Billesdon Coplow Stakes at Croxton Park, and that morning I was much exercised in my mind about a proposal of marriage I had just received from Disraeli. My uncle, Admiral Rous, had said to me, "My dear, you can't marry that d——d old Jew," but I had known Disraeli all my life, and I liked him very well. He had, however, one drawback so far as I was concerned, and that was his breath—the ill odour of politics perhaps! In ancient Rome a wife could divorce her husband if his breath were unpleasant, and had Dizzy lived in those days his wife would have been able to divorce him without any difficulty. I was wondering whether I could possibly put up with this unfortunate attribute in a great man, when I met the King, who was graciously pleased to ride with me. In the course of our conversation I told him about Disraeli's proposal and asked him whether he would advise me to accept it, but the King said he did not

think the marriage would be a very happy one.

I lunched with the Royal party at Belvoir Castle, and as I rode home afterwards I felt well pleased that I had decided not to become the wife of a politician!

CHAPTER XI

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

Why I enjoy life : "The Parrot Club" : "Women deceivers ever" : Frances, Lady Waldegrave : Her residence at Strawberry Hill : The husband she liked best : Elopements : A stingy nobleman : Lord Palmerston, an awkward remark : Lady Bradford : Her flirtation with Jim Macdonald. My revenge for some undeserved snubs : Straw in the Square : Why we all laughed

I AM often asked by my friends if I can remember any stories, grave or gay, about Society as I knew it, but I have never kept a diary or hoarded up any old letters, so I must rely solely on memory to come to my aid and help me to jot down some of my random recollections.

I have enjoyed my life thoroughly, and at eighty-four years of age I am still capable of

entertaining my friends in both town and country. I can amuse myself with singing and playing; my business faculties are as keen as ever; I have a good digestion and can enjoy my dinner, heedless of any new-fashioned fads about food. I sleep as peacefully as a child, and my old friend Dr. Pink says I shall live to be a hundred! I do not even feel old, perhaps that is because I know the secret of the *joie de vivre*. I have kept pace with the changing years, and not entrenched myself behind the past, and I think the gift of keeping young at heart is the most valuable asset in life.

The modern woman, who has her own particular club, may be interested in hearing about a certain "Parrot Club" which existed in the 'fifties. It had the smallest membership of any club, I should imagine, and its short history was in some ways an amusing one.

Three ladies—Mrs. D—— W——, Lady P——, and Lady K——, had become rather tired of their husbands, and transferred their affections to three charming lovers, Lord

Strathmore, Captain Vivian, and another gentleman whose name I forget.

As married lovers' meetings generally lead to the Divorce Court, one of the sextette hit upon the idea of renting a furnished house which would be a safe place for assignations. A house in Seymour Street, Portman Square, was therefore taken, and it was afterwards, for some unknown reason, called "The Parrot Club."

The arrangement answered splendidly for a time, as the ladies were all friends and their husbands never suspected them. Hence, each cheerfully believed that his wife's long absences from home were accounted for by shopping or theatre parties with one or other of her two friends.

The course of true love ran with great smoothness at Seymour Street until Lady K——, who liked variety, commenced to change her lovers with such alarming rapidity that the other two members were obliged to ask her to resign.

Captain Vivian and Lord Strathmore still en-

joyed Mrs. D—— W——'s and Lady P——'s society, but unfortunately the unexpected happened which terminated the club's existence.

One morning Captain Vivian, who was smoking an after-breakfast cigar and possibly thinking of his next visit to the delightful "Parrot Club," was told by his man that Mrs. D—— W——'s maid had called with a letter from her mistress.

"I'll see her at once," said the Captain; the maid was shown in, and with a smile which betrayed intimate knowledge and infinite discretion, she handed him a delicate little note. Directly John Vivian broke the seal and glanced at the contents, his face changed, and no wonder, for this is what he read:

"My dear Strathmore,—Come to Seymour Street at 3. I'll be all alone."

Now, as the name Vivian bears no resemblance to that of Strathmore, there was only one possible interpretation of the matter, and

the furious lover turned to the trembling maid and said fiercely:

"Your mistress gave you *two* letters to deliver; this is Lord Strathmore's. Where's mine? In vain the girl protested that she had no other, but Vivian made her give up the note directed to him. He opened it and, alas for the duplicity of women, this is what it contained:

"DEAR OLD JOHNNY,—Don't come to Seymour Street to-day, because I am spending the day with my mother-in-law."

It is almost superfluous to add that the house in Seymour Street was soon "To Let," and that a crestfallen lady's-maid was looking for another situation.

Frances, Lady Waldegrave, was a very charming woman I knew in those far-off days. She was the eldest daughter of John Braham, the famous tenor, and she was married four times.

Her first husband was John James Walde-

grave, of Navestock, Essex; and in 1840 she married George, seventh Earl of Waldegrave. In 1847 Lady Waldegrave took as her third husband George Granville Harcourt, the eldest son of the Archbishop of York. The one love of her life, however, was Mr. Chichester Fortescue, and she married him as her fourth husband in 1871. Mr. Fortescue was afterwards Lord Carlingford, but the title became extinct in 1898.

When Lady Waldegrave was a young girl a gipsy told her that she would be married four times and leave her fourth husband a widower. The prediction came true, for she died in 1879, and Mr. Fortescue survived her.

Lady Waldegrave resided at Strawberry Hill with her third husband, and she was very fond of the place and its associations with Horace Walpole.

The Strawberry Hill estate and the Walpole Collection had been sold in 1842, but Lady Waldegrave was always trying to obtain any objects from it which came into the sale-rooms

from time to time, in order that she might restore them to their old home.

She was a very handsome Jewess, with a perfectly fascinating manner, and she was a great favourite in Society owing to her infinite tact, which made her say and do exactly the right thing at the right moment.

She possessed a keen sense of humour, and one evening when she was at the Dublin theatre with Mr. Chichester Fortescue a wag in the gallery who recognised her called out, "Arrah, my Lady, and which of the four husbands did ye like the best?" Without a moment's hesitation Lady Waldegrave stood up and, turning in the direction of the speaker, called out with delightful *sang froid*, "Why, the Irish one, of course." Loud applause greeted this rejoinder, and she was very popular in Dublin afterwards.

Those days were rather noted for elopements, and two of my friends, Lady Rose Somerset and Lady Adela Villiers, were among the numerous romantic girls who were married in haste and sometimes repented at leisure.

Florence Paget's elopement with the last Marquis of Hastings on the eve of her marriage with Henry Chaplin is too well known for me to repeat the story.

The grandfather of the present Duke of Westminster had the reputation for being rather mean, notwithstanding his great wealth. A story was told about his once looking at a pair of trousers his valet was wearing and saying, "These are very good trousers, did I give them to you?" "Yes, my Lord." "Well, here's a shilling for you," said the stingy nobleman, "I'll have them back again."

I often met Croker, the famous friend of Sir Robert Peel. I knew Sir Robert well, and I remember hearing the news of his death when I was driving in the Park on the day he was killed. His loss was greatly felt by the nation, for he had always been a great political personality, and he loomed largely in the mind of the people. Sir Robert Peel was painfully shy with strangers, which seemed very remarkable in a man who was always before the public eye. He excelled in all kinds of sports, and I

have heard that he was unequalled both as a walker and a shot.

Lord and Lady Palmerston gave delightful parties, to which I was often invited. Lady Palmerston was a daughter of the first Viscount Melbourne, and she married the fifth Earl Cowper as her first husband. It was generally known that she had been Palmerston's mistress for many years, but she was a charming woman and proved herself an ideal helpmeet to him. Her manner was most genial, and she always appeared grateful to her husband's friends for their support. She possessed that peculiar art of making each guest feel that he or she was the one particular person she wished most to see; so the dinners and receptions of this perfect hostess were always very pleasant functions.

At one of her parties Lord Palmerston presented Lady Palmerston's son, William Cowper, to a foreign ambassador, who, not catching the name, looked at him and then at Lord Palmerston and said with a smile, "On voit

bien, monsieur, que c'est votre fils, il vous ressemble tant!"

Lord and Lady Tankerville were also friends of my parents. She was a Miss de Grammont, and a very lovely woman. One day Lord Tankerville said to her *à propos* of a friend's death, "Ah, my dear, how sad it is to see our friends going before us!" "Yes," replied his wife, "but it would be sadder if we were to go before them."

John Lyster used to visit us at Upper Grosvenor Street; he was very wealthy, but he speculated and lost everything he possessed. He came to dine with us one evening, outwardly as charming and cheerful as ever, but the next day, before people knew he was ruined, he left England and went to America, and was never heard of again.

I remember often meeting Lady Charlotte Cadogan, who ran away with Lord Anglesey; they lived together for some years until Lady Anglesey divorced her husband, and he was free to marry Lady Charlotte. Lady Anglesey, who was a daughter of the Earl of Jersey, after-

wards married the sixth Duke of Argyll, but she was a great invalid and quite a cripple during the latter part of her life.

My girlhood's friend, the Marquis of Granby, was very much in love with his cousin, Miss Forester, but as his father did not approve of cousins marrying, Lord Granby promised the Duke not to think of her as a wife. Miss Forester married the Earl of Bradford, but she and Granby indulged in a very romantic flirtation after her marriage, both posing as the unfortunate victims of a stern father's caprice. Lady Bradford did not like me and always snubbed me as much as she dared. One day at Melton I met her at Egerton Lodge when she was uncommonly disagreeable. Lady Wilton asked me to play and of course I willing complied. Lady Bradford and Jim Macdonald were sitting near the pianoforte, and under cover of the music I heard the heroine of Granby's blighted love affair say in languishing tones, "Oh, Jim, whenever I meet you I always take off my wedding ring and forget I'm married." Of course I was highly amused, and the next time I met

Lady Bradford with Granby in attendance I could not resist saying quite innocently, "Oh, Lady Bradford, what *did* you mean the other day when you told Jim Macdonald that you always took off your wedding ring and forgot you were married when you saw him?"

It was rather mean of me, but I had not forgotten my undeserved snubbings from her Ladyship.

An amusing story was told me by a friend who, when crossing one of the "smart" squares, noticed that straw was being laid down on all sides of it. D—— was puzzled at the unusual sight, and said to the man who was putting down the last load, "Why are you covering all the square, is there a very bad case of illness?" "Well, sir, replied the man, the lady at No. —— has just had a child, and as four gentlemen have sent straw I thought it better to put it all down, so as not to favour anybody."

I remember a lovely lady with a reputation for being rather more than a flirt once convulsing a roomful of people with her naïve

account of driving home with a well-known M.F.H. "Such an odd man," said the guileless one; "he didn't talk much, but at last he said to me, 'I think you ought to know I'm a married man.'" And yet she wondered why everybody laughed!

I remember meeting Lady Harriet Cowper, who first married Count d'Orsay when she was only fifteen years of age. The marriage was arranged by her stepmother, the famous Lady Blessington, who forced Lady Harriett to marry the man who was popularly supposed to be her own lover. Old Lord Blessington made a very liberal marriage settlement on his only daughter, but it really benefited the Count, and not his child bride. Their union was most disastrous and was almost immediately followed by a separation.

After Count d'Orsay's death his widow married Mr. Cowper, who owned Sandringham. She had one daughter by him, and her second matrimonial venture was a happy one. Lady Harriett was a most kind-hearted woman, and among her most charitable actions she endowed

a home for twelve young working girls who needed rest and change.

I have been singularly free from illness all my life, but although I have met with accidents from fire and water I never experienced any ill results. I remember being once nearly suffocated through a faulty spirit-lamp which set the bedroom curtains alight, and I had to escape through dense clouds of smoke. Another time I was alone in my boat with my dog, who upset the boat just as I got into the boat-house, which was half full of water. I fell in up to my neck, but although I was hampered by my heavy serge dress I managed to climb up and hold on to a rail, by which means I gradually worked my way round to the door, and luckily was none the worse for my adventure.

CHAPTER XII

MY SECOND MARRIAGE

Paris : I ride in the Bois : An unknown admirer : The Count de Lancastre : I become engaged to him : His descent from the Plantagenets : Our marriage : Dangerous shots : A tenants' dinner at Kirkstall Abbey : A speech from the table : We visit Lisbon : Sailing on the Tagus : Home again : The Count in the hunting-field : Follow my leader : We return to Paris : Queen Isabella of Spain : A description of her : A Queen without a change of linen : We visit Madrid : A gay time ? : *Cosas de España* : The Count de Lancastre's bad health : Father Black's bigoted behaviour : I go back to England, Home and—Duty : Death of Lancastre : A message from the other world

In the early part of 1873 I was staying in Paris, thoroughly enjoying a round of gaiety with my numerous friends in the French capital. I used to ride a great deal, and as I

had my famous horse "Neoptolemus" in Paris, my mount and I were very much observed by the Parisians when I took my daily canter in the Bois de Boulogne.

I noticed one aristocratic-looking man in particular, who invariably waited to see me pass, and, on making inquiries, I found that he was Don Antonio Manuelo, Count de Lancastre, the nephew of acquaintances of mine, the Duke and Duchess de Saldanha.

I afterwards met the Count, and he told me how much he admired my horsemanship, and that he had always made a point of watching me ride in the Bois. I thought he was a very pleasant and charming person, but I was greatly surprised when one morning the Duke and Duchess de Saldanha called on me on behalf of their nephew to ask if I would accept him as my husband.

When I recovered from the surprise which this declaration naturally caused me, I began to consider the matter seriously, for as a rich young widow my solitary position was not

without its drawbacks, and therefore I was not disinclined to marry again.

The Count de Lancastre belonged to a very ancient and noble Portuguese family, who trace their descent from the Royal Plantagenets through John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, whose daughter Philippa married, in 1387, John I., King of Portugal. Their son, the famous Prince Henry the Navigator, was the progenitor of the Counts de Lancastre, or Alencastre, as the name is sometimes called in Portugal, and he gave them the name of his mother's family.

After much anxious consideration I decided to accept the Count's proposal, and we were formally engaged. Lindemann, who was staying in Paris, was furious when I told him, and at first he was most rude to Lancastre, but they afterwards became the best of friends.

The Shah was then visiting Paris, and so *tout Paris*, myself included, lived in a whirl of social excitement; Lancastre was never happier than when he was escorting me to

Antonio Manuelo, Count de Lancastre.

balls and parties, and I found him a delightful companion.

I returned to England in August 1873 to make preparations for my second marriage, which unfortunately did not please many of my friends. There is always a sort of insular prejudice against a foreigner, which was intensified in the case of the Count de Lancastre, as I had refused many good offers from my own countrymen since my widowhood.

On the evening of August 26 my old friend the Duke of Rutland came to see me at Rose Cottage, Cowes, and begged me to give up the idea of marrying Lancastre. "Quite useless, my dear Duke," I told him, "for I am going to marry him the day after to-morrow."

I became Countess de Lancastre on August 28, 1873. Our marriage took place at the Roman Catholic Chapel at King Street, Portman Square, and my dear uncle, Admiral Rous, gave me away. I wore a beautiful white satin gown covered with white Spanish lace, and I could not help remembering how curious it was that the mixture of blue and white in

my first wedding-dress was that of the national colours of the country to which my second husband belonged.

The chapel was crowded, and the many uniforms and beautiful dresses worn made the scene a brilliant one.

The Count de Lancastre and I spent our honeymoon at Deene, where we entertained a large party of my husband's Portuguese friends for the shooting. I can only describe some of these gentlemen as being very dangerous shots, and I was obliged to put English guns behind the foreign sportsmen to kill what they missed! In some cases their cartridges were filled with bran, for I dislike shooting "accidents," and our friends required most careful watching.

After the shooting we went to Harrogate, and visited Kirkstall Abbey, which was then my property. A salute of fifteen guns was fired when we arrived in a carriage drawn by four horses, which some of my tenants took out and drew the carriage themselves to the Abbey, where I gave a great dinner to three hundred

of my Yorkshire tenantry. We dined in the quadrangle, and it was a most enthusiastic gathering. I was called upon to make a speech, so I mounted a table in my smart blue satin gown, and from there responded to the good wishes and congratulations of the assembly.

Lancastre was very astonished at our reception, for he had not realised till then what large estates I possessed, or how closely I was in touch with my tenants.

After Newmarket we decided to go by steamer to Lisbon. We encountered very rough weather *en route*, in fact we were nearly drowned, for the steamer was within an ace of foundering in the Bay of Biscay. "It is very remarkable," said Lancastre to me, when we had at last arrived safely at Lisbon, "I can never take a journey without meeting with some terrible danger, in fact I have been nearly killed several times."

I was rather startled at this confidence, for travelling under these conditions would never suit me, so I said to the Count, "Well, if

that's the case, don't let's travel together again."

We spent a very enjoyable month together at Lisbon. I was introduced to all my husband's relations, and we had six very agreeable interviews with the King and Queen. I was charmed with Queen Maria Pia, who was very kind, and singled me out for a great deal of notice whenever I went to the Palace.

I always look back to my visit to Portugal as a most pleasant recollection, for what woman does not appreciate having a thoroughly good time? I remember the Portuguese ladies were very much astonished when I went out sailing by myself on the Tagus, for I could sail a boat as well as I could ride a horse, and nothing gave me greater pleasure than my sailing excursions on the majestic river which, at one place, is seven miles wide across.

After leaving Lisbon, Lancastre and I went to Paris, and came to England in January 1874. The Count hunted with the Quorn, and as his sight was not very good, I told him to

always follow Bee Coventry wherever he rode, and not to trust to his own judgment. Bee Coventry was a very daring rider, but as Lancastre was a fine jumper and horseman he followed his leader in splendid fashion, and he took all the fences, and generally distinguished himself in the hunting-field.

We did not stay long in the country but returned to Paris, where we had a very gay time. The Marquis de Penafiel was then Spanish Ambassador, and as we knew him and the charming Marquise very well we were generally at the Embassy three times a week to dances, dinners and receptions.

I was also a frequent visitor to the Palais de Castile (Avenue du Roi de Rome, now the Kléber) where Queen Isabella of Spain lived. The Queen was one of the most striking Royal personages who have played their part in the Drama of History, and I cannot do better than quote a realistic word-picture of her given to a friend of mine by one who knew her.

"She was a most extraordinary woman. Of

appearance almost porcine ; her eyes prominent, and of a peculiarly light greyish blue. Her hair, originally fair, she dyed in various colours, and later she wore a red wig. She was very fat and heavy, and her lascivious, sensual features made her positively ugly. And yet! and yet, she had with her something that attracted people to her indescribably, and the majesty of her demeanour, together with what was evident and natural goodness of heart and true magnanimity, made her one of the most popular sovereigns that Spain ever had. Her very immoralities, which were known to all the world, were condoned by millions of her subjects, because they thought them a sign of independence of mind and exaltation above the conventional prudery against which most Spaniards in their hearts rebelled.

"She was wickedly treated by her mother and nearly every one else she trusted ; kept deliberately in ignorance, and incited into immorality by those whose first duty it was to protect her from it ; married by a vile political intrigue meant to ruin her with a man unfit to

be married at all—much less to her with her terrible constitutional malady; seduced when she was barely fourteen by her own Prime Minister, and betrayed again and again, she nevertheless carried all before her, until the last fatal piece of obstinacy in refusing in September 1868 to return to her capital and face the revolution—as she had successfully done on other occasions."

The Queen was exactly as this describes her. I heard many stories about her impulsive generosity when she often (in a literal sense) gave away the clothes off her back. On one occasion she parted with all her spare under-clothes to relieve a case of suffering brought to her notice, and the Royal maids were horrified to find that their kind-hearted mistress had left herself absolutely without a change of linen.

The Queen liked to hear me sing, and she always had her guitar ready tuned for me whenever she asked me to come to the Palais. On one occasion I showed her Lord Cardigan's likeness, which she looked at for some time

and then returned it to me saying, "Muy bien pero, me gusta mas Lancastre!"

The Penafiels were devoted adherents of Queen Isabella, and I often used to see Muños, who was credited with being one of her many lovers, at the Palais.

In 1878, Lancastre and I went to Madrid to attend the marriage of Don Alphonso with his cousin Mercédès. We stayed a month in the Spanish capital, and what a month of gaiety it was! I never rested, for there were so many balls, parties, bull-fights, receptions and theatres to attend, that I had hardly time to get any sleep, but luckily I was none the worse. We often dined with the young King and Queen, and I found them very gracious and agreeable.

We went twice a week to see the Duchess de la Torres, where we met the great General Serrano. He was very interested in reading my uncle Lord Stradbroke's letters to the Duke de Saldanha, where he mentioned incidents of the Peninsular War in which they had all taken part, and I used to hear many

interesting accounts of the campaign which I have unfortunately forgotten.

Alphonse XII. had the reputation of having many amours, and I remember a story that the Duke —— told me, which I think ought to be called *Cosas de España.*

The King once greatly admired a very lovely married woman at Madrid, whose husband, unfortunately for her would-be lover, kept the fair lady under the closest and most jealous supervision.

Alphonso, who had ascertained that the object of his affection was quite ready to yield to his desires, if only *M. le mari* could be disposed of, hit upon the idea of sending the unwanted husband, like Uriah of old, to the war. Secret instructions were given that he was not to return to Madrid in a hurry, and it was even hinted that, as every bullet has its billet, madame might become a widow without breaking her heart.

All went well; the husband left Madrid, and his wife and her lover were free to meet without fear of detection.

The disconsolate husband seemed to bear a charmed life, and it was commented on by an officer who liked him, and knew something about the King's orders.

"Don't you think it curious why you are always selected for dangerous posts?" he asked. The husband answered that the matter had hitherto not troubled him. "Well," said his friend, "you will never return to Madrid unless you have the Devil's own luck, for you have been sent here solely that the King can enjoy your wife undisturbed."

There was naturally a terrible scene between the two men, and the husband, mad with jealousy, deserted, and made his way back to Madrid. He managed to lie low, and gained reliable information from an old servant when the King was next expected to visit his wife.

On the evening in question Alphonso and the Duke —— went to the lady's house, and just as —— was about to leave the lovers alone, the door opened and the befooled husband appeared. There was no mistaking

his intentions, but the King showed no signs of fear and stood his ground manfully. The Duke, however, did not waste a moment, for he drew his sword and killed the husband before he had time to realise his danger.

The body was removed and interred secretly, and the death of the unfortunate man was duly notified as having taken place at the camp.

"*Cosas de España*," said —— when he told me the story. "And, Duke, you felt no remorse?" He smiled at me. "It was the quickest way for an interfering husband to be disposed of, madame!"

We returned to Paris after leaving Madrid, and for some years I did not reside much in England. The Count's health was not robust and he could not stand the English climate, especially the fogs and inclemencies of the winter. His chronic bronchitis was very troublesome, and as he was essentially a town man, he hated English country life, which bored him. Father Black had been very disagreeable about his attending Deene

Church, and even threatened him with excommunication, so Lancastre was obliged to go to the Roman Catholic Church at Oundle whenever we were at Deene, and although I always accompanied him, I think the religious bickering got on his nerves and he was heartily glad to get back to his beloved Paris.

The Count was a great friend of the Empress Eugénie and he was the first person to whom she confided the news of her engagement to Napoleon III. After the Franco-Prussian War, when the Emperor and Empress visited Cowes as the Count and Countess de Pierrefonds, we called on them, and I offered them my house at Cowes, which seemed to please them very much, although they did not accept it owing to arrangements about a residence having been previously made.

In 1879, after the Billesden Coplow Races, I took my horse "Dandy" over to Paris and entered him for the Grand Prix, which he very nearly won. About this time I began to realise that it was imperative for me to live in England. The care of my estates demanded it, and I con-

sidered it my duty to return. I naturally regretted leaving my husband in Paris, but I had no alternative, and although I constantly went over to visit him, he never again made his home in England. Lancastre's health gradually declined, although he tried many cures and was often at Mont Dore taking the waters, which are supposed to be so wonderfully efficacious for chest complaints. He was a very fascinating man, and nearly all the smart *Parisiennes* were in love with him, much to my amusement, for it was no use being jealous of him.

Poor Lancastre! an attack of bronchitis killed him in 1898. He died quite suddenly in Paris, and I did not even know he was ill! His cousin, the Marquis de Soveral, most kindly saw to everything for me, and the Count was buried in the great cemetery of Père Lachaise.

I grieved sincerely for him, for we had been very happy together, and I think of him most affectionately as a chivalrous and kind husband who was devoted to me.

Some years ago, when I was at a séance, I received what purported to be a communication

from him. When I read it I thought at once that the Lancastre in the Spirit World was as charming and courtier-like as the Lancastre I knew, for the message was "Chère amie, je t'aime toujours."

L'ENVOI

I FIND that with the death of the Count de Lancastre my recollections of particular interest must come to an end, as I have led a very retired life for the last ten years.

If my stories about people and places please any readers I know, and amuse those I have never seen, I shall feel amply repaid.

A long life means much to remember and much to forget. In the pleasant evening of my days, surrounded by affectionate friends and able to enjoy myself, with my faculties unimpaired, I am just as happy as when sixty years ago, in all the pride of budding womanhood, I stood on the threshold of life heedless of what the future might hold in store for me.

What strikes me most forcibly, I think, is the vanishing London of the present day, and the

total disappearance of many of its once familiar landmarks. The Society I knew is also vanishing. The day of the *salon*, political and literary, is over, and the mixed gatherings now called great receptions are very unlike the real thing that I can remember.

The lavish expenditure and the feverish pursuit of pleasure that constitute Society do not appeal to me any more than the restaurant life, which did not exist in my day. Carefully thought out hospitality has now become rare. It has been said that the long Early Victorian dinner-parties were very dull functions. They may have been—but a hostess ought always to show up to the best advantage in her own house. It is her proper setting—not the smart restaurant where she now entertains her friends at so much a head!

In the present reign English Court functions are more splendid and imposing than they were when I was young, but they lack the exclusiveness of the Victorian era. Nowadays money shouts, and birth and breeding whisper!

The King, however, knows the value of pomp

and ceremony, which the late Queen Victoria never appreciated; and his lovely Consort always looks a Queen of Queens.

The Court is broader-minded now than it has been for years, and the King does not exhibit those sometimes rather unkind and inconsistent peculiarities which were shown by his mother. Her well-known dislike of widows marrying again was very remarkable, considering that she was the offspring of a happy second marriage. The late Queen was most kind to me when I was young, but I fear the way in which I defied convention before I married Lord Cardigan did not prepossess her favourably to me, and my second marriage greatly displeased her, as by it I took the title of Lancastre, which she was so fond of using when she travelled incognito.

But, on the whole, fortune has been very good in endowing me with health, wealth, and long life. I have seen everything worth seeing, and known every one worth knowing, and although I am sometimes inclined to say, "All is vanity," yet I think life's little vanities are the *sauce piquante* of existence.

My Recollections

If my critics think my recollections are trivial, I crave their indulgence, but at eighty-four years of age, unassisted by diaries or letters, my memory is not so keen as it once was. I have endeavoured to interest my readers, and I hope I have succeeded.

"My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream,
The torch should be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ is writ.
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering faint and low.
Farewell! a word which must be, and hath been
A sound which makes us linger—yet, Farewell."

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Cardigan and Lancastre, Adeline Louise Maria (de Horsey) countess of
My recollections